American West

The land and its people

January/February 1985 $3

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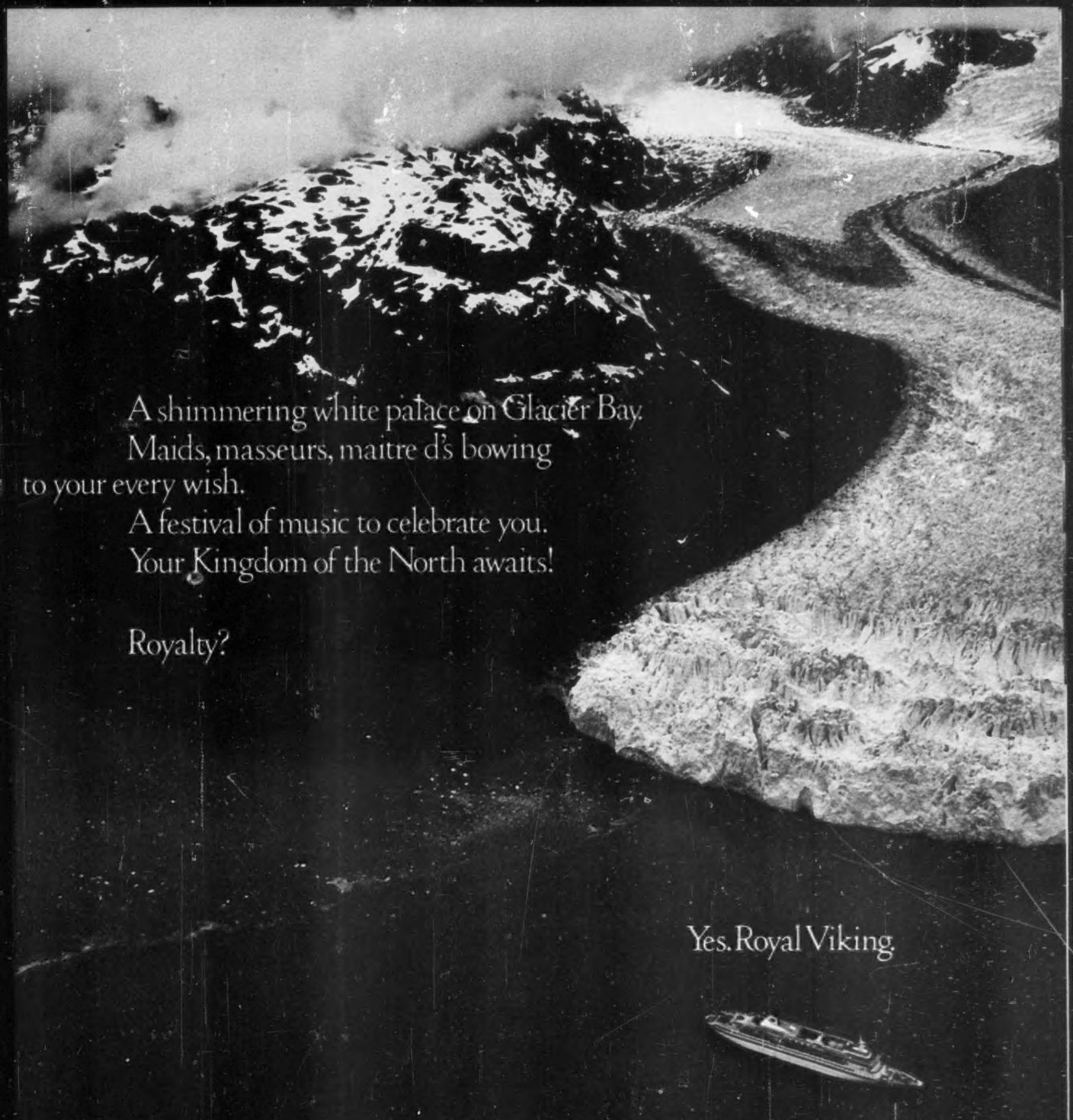

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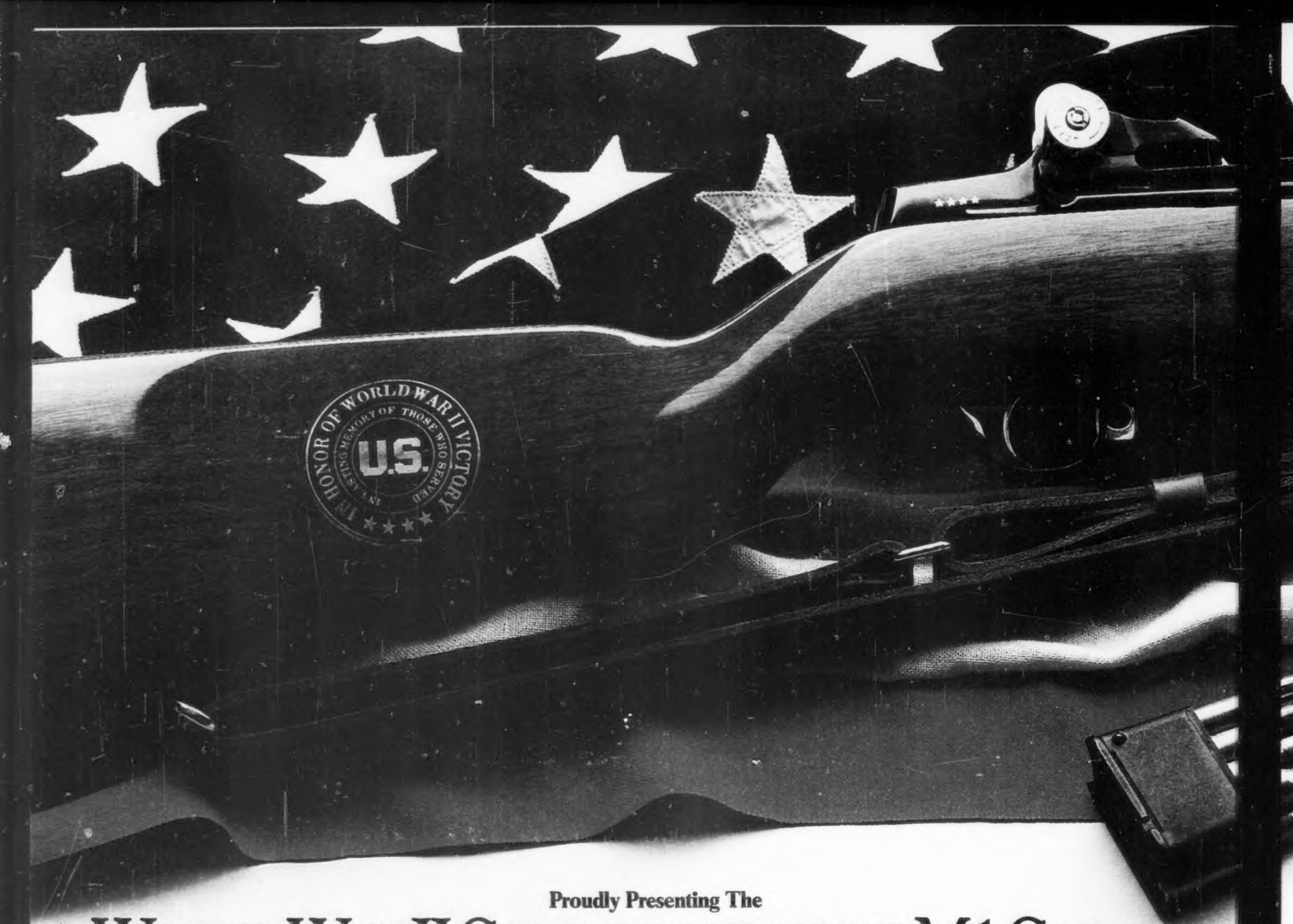

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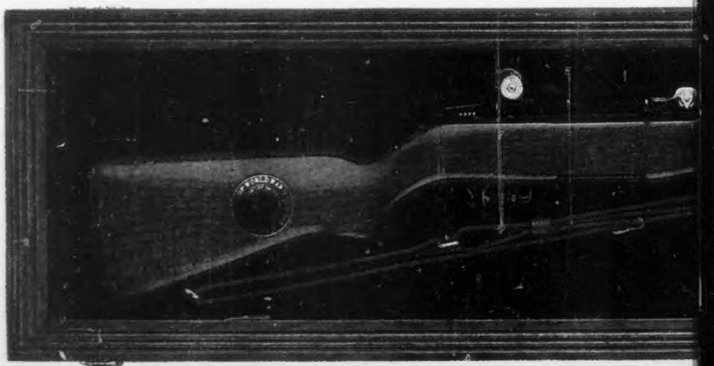

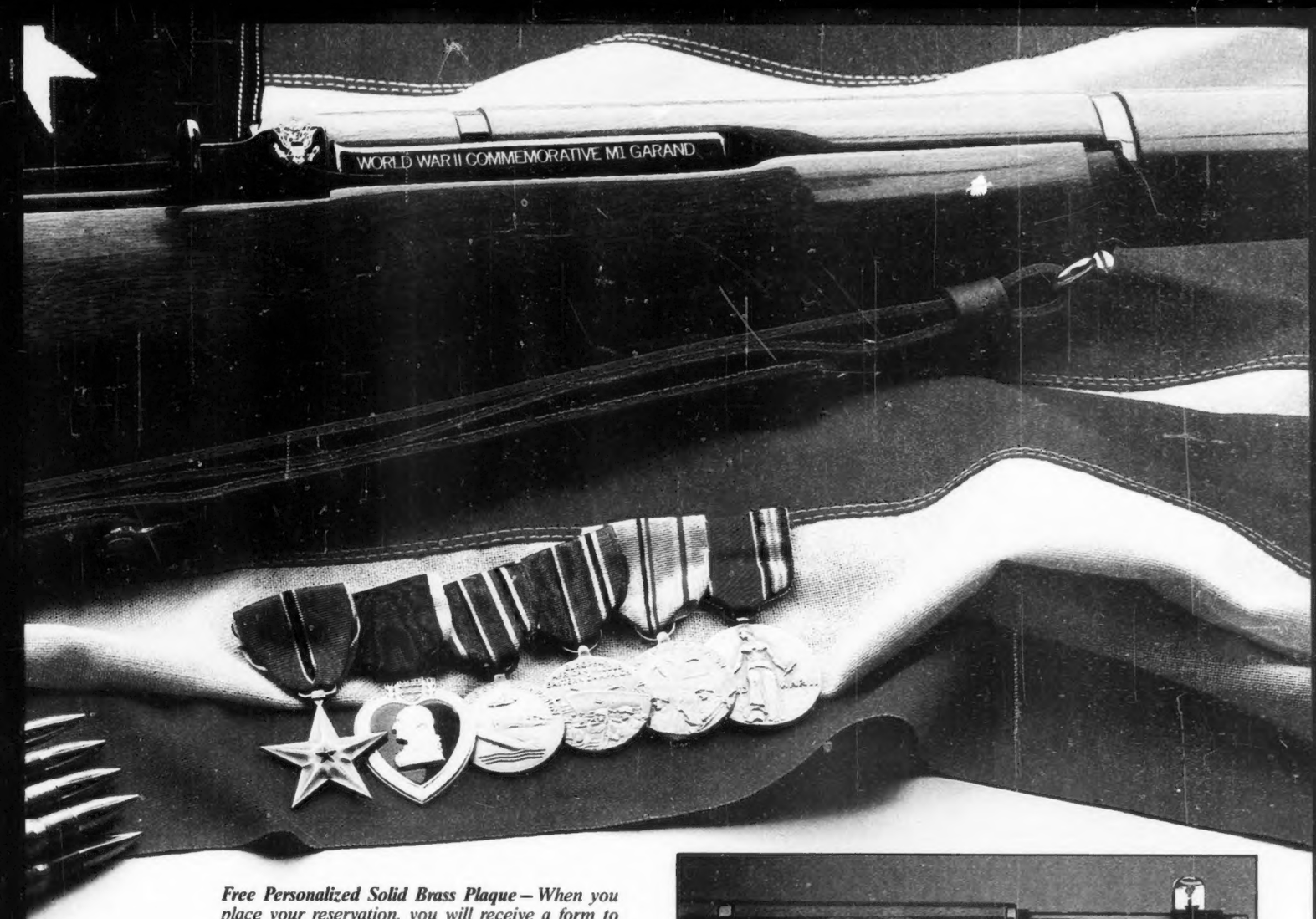

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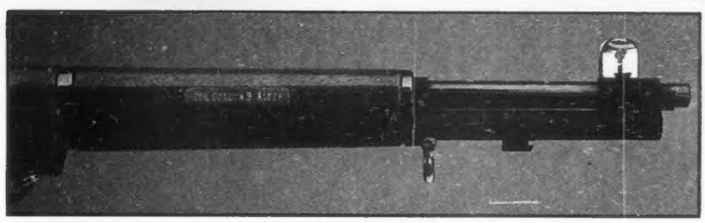

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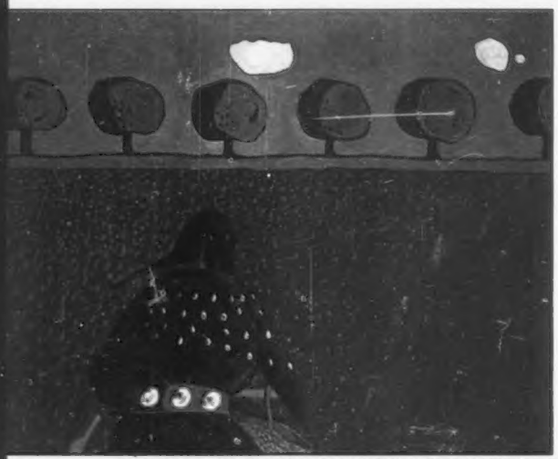
January/February 1985 Vol. XXII, No. 1

American West



PAGE 35. T. C. CANNON, WHEN IT'S PEACH PICKIN' TIME IN GEORGIA, IT'S APPLE PICKIN' TIME AT THE B.I.A. COURTESY U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

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PHOTO BY TOM PEW

Cover

Cliff Roen is typical of the ranchers in Montana who suffered heavy losses in the fires that swept across the state at the end of this past summer. We like to think that they demonstrate the best of Western traditions—practice of the Golden Rule during a great crisis, courage and strength in overcoming adversity and in working toward the future. On his place in the Bull Mountains, Roen operates his squeeze-chute, separating out the pregnant cows. Our firsthand account of the experiences of the people of the Bull Mountains will arouse your admiration for these inhabitants of "next-year country."

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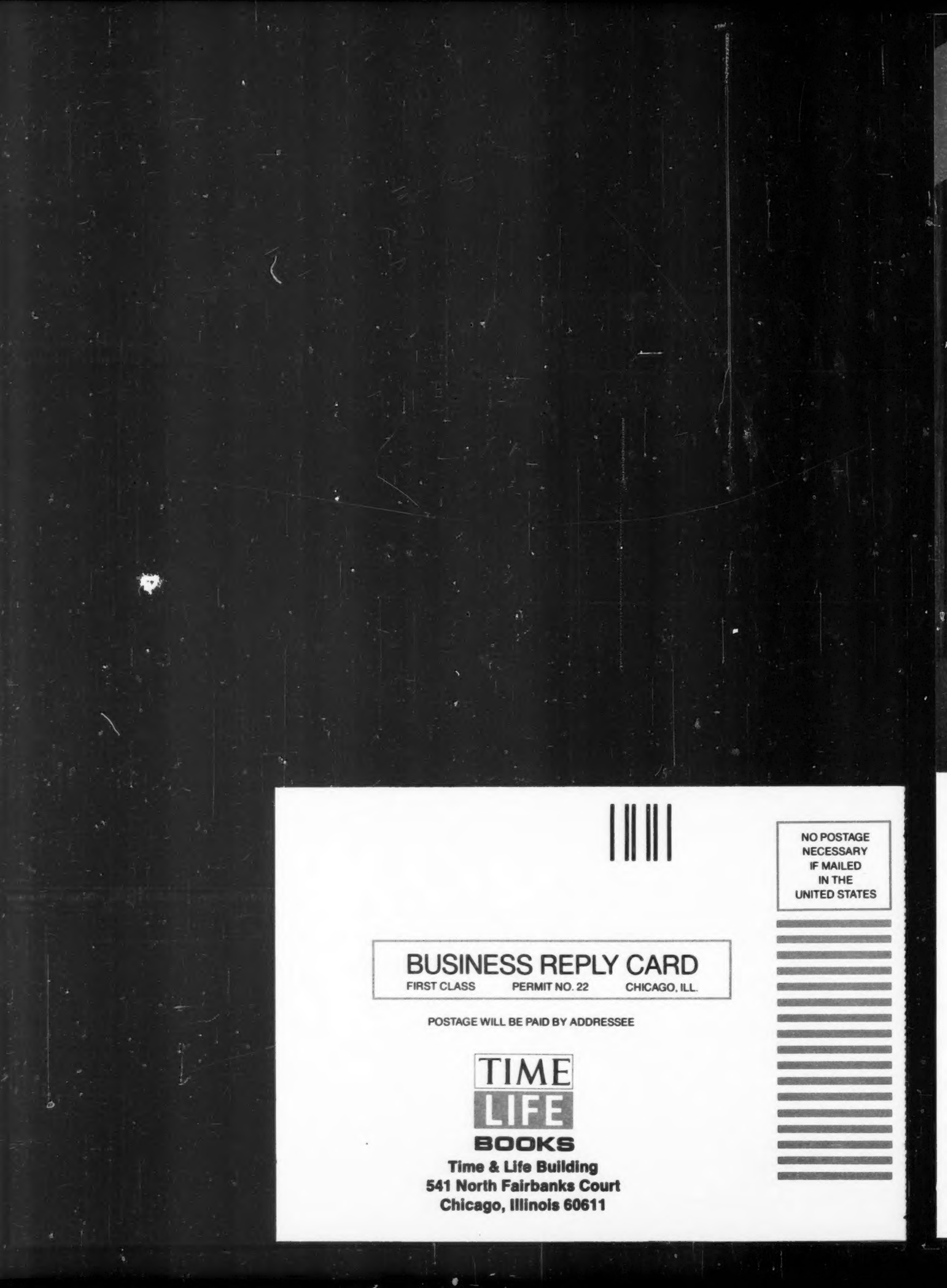

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THE JAMES GANG

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Frank *(left)* and Jesse James invented the daylight bank robbery in America and tested the idea for the first time in Liberty, Missouri, on Valentine's Day, 1866.

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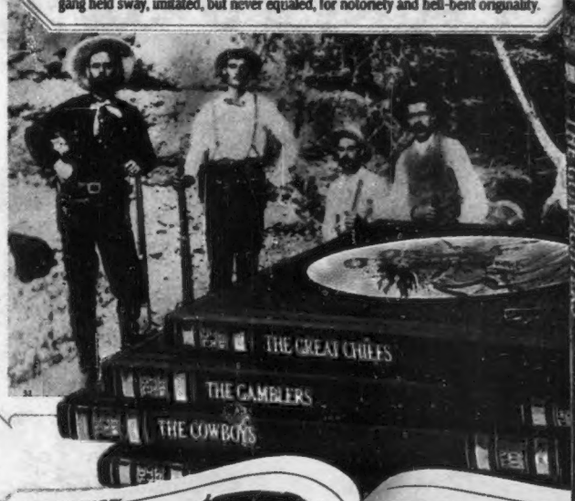
Cole *(left)* and Jim Younger. Serving with Frank James in a Confederate guerilla unit, Cole was said to have tried out a new Enfield rifle on Yankee prisoners.

By the 1870s, Jesse James *(far left)* was secure—and vain—enough to pose for a photographer summoned to the gang's cave hideout in Missouri. For 15 years the James gang held sway, imitated, but never equaled, for notoriety and hell-bent originality.



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View from the West

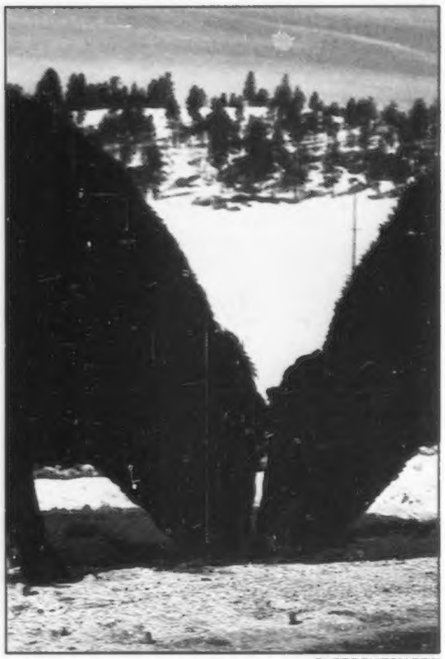

PHOTO BY TOM PEW

To be a cattleman you have to be a darned optimist, not a good businessman.

—Anonymous rancher

Roundup, Montana, lies in the heart of the Northern Plains, an area below the Canadian border, bounded by the Missouri River in the East and the Big Horn Mountains in the West. The Great Plains, as they are sometimes called, constitute an enormous, open, empty, silent place on the earth's surface. It is a place of rugged buttes and rimrock ridges, of sagebrush, greasewood, tumbleweed, and rich native grasses, the names of which ring like the tinkling of little bells when they fall off the tongue—especially the tongue of a cattleman. Names like western wheat grass, green needle grass, needle and thread grass, sandberg blue grass, and blue bunch grass.

The discovery of these musically named grasses, so high in natural protein that cattle can fatten on them for market without ever seeing the inside of a feedlot, originally inspired the man-and-beast-taxing cattle drives up from Texas and onto the vast, upland pastures of Wyoming and Montana.

The same native grasses, of course, kept plump herds of western buffalo milling around the Northern Plains and inspired the Sioux, Blackfeet, and Cheyenne to resist fiercely being displaced from their hunting grounds.

But the Northern Plains have something more than just good grass and water that have brought and held men and women here. It is a land that has a kind of beauty that produces an indefinable pang in the heart. A pang that is derived in part out of awe and respect for its open beauty, but also out of an instinctual knowledge that just below the beauty lurks a man-and-land-destroying harshness. A beauty that can be described as poignantly heightened by the hidden presence of the sharp thorn in paradise.

An unofficial-looking historical marker—something that could have been put up by a handy bunch of cowboys—comes up as the northbound traveler on Highway 87 slows down on the outskirts of Roundup. The sign briefly recounts the tale of the cattle drives and open-range gatherings in this country during the 1880s. It lists the hardships of those trail-weary months when "camp moved every day," and concludes with some lines that would do any lonely campfire song proud when it says that the cowboy's lot under the Montana sky "wasn't all sunshine and roses."

Life in Roundup, Montana, and on the ranches of the surrounding Bull Mountains still isn't all sunshine and roses, and as folks in the Bull Mountains discovered at the end of last summer, having a roof over one's head one day isn't any guarantee you won't be sleeping out the next, and in a different camp, too.

Rarely does a year go by in which one natural disaster or another doesn't visit the Northern Plains. People are used to it and have learned to live with it. But last summer, Montana put on a display of harshness that exceeded anything within the reach of living memory, and the Bull Mountains and Roundup stood at the epicenter of the combined natural furies.

Drought, locust, hail, and fire scourged the land in a kind of biblical onslaught against crops, wildlife, and people. When we went North to see and photograph the damage reported in this issue, we half-thought we'd find our old Bull Mountains friends finally defeated. Instead we found the work going ahead as usual.

Gathering cattle when twenty or thirty miles of perimeter fence are down is difficult, but after all, this country didn't come with fences. Getting ready for winter when the neatly baled and stacked alfalfa is nothing but a big black spot on the scorched earth means some changes in how the ranch will be managed. Coming home when nothing remains of the house but a foundation and a lonely finger-of-a-chimney pointing towards the big sky is difficult to get used to. But in that old display of something beyond optimism that is the rancher's hallmark, we hardly heard a discouraging word in the Bull Mountains.

Instead we heard that the fire will make things better. "Cut down on the trees, bring back the native grasses." We heard that cattle prices could have been worse when suddenly there were a lot of cattle to be shipped. "But, heck, it's gathering time up here anyway." We heard that houses, outbuildings, and fences don't make a ranch. "Cattle, people, and grass make ranches."

After all, that's all that was here when those lonely boys rode up the turn-of-the-century trail and sang songs under the stars about the country where there was a thorn behind every rose, a blizzard behind every halcyon day of sunshine.

Those Northern Plains folks are tough, but in their minds, they're just doing the day's work, and most of them consider themselves the luckiest people in the world to live in paradise—thorns and all. And, you know, we agree.

Tom Pew

American West

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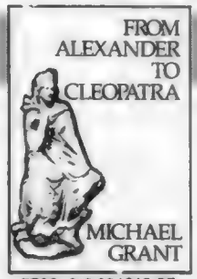

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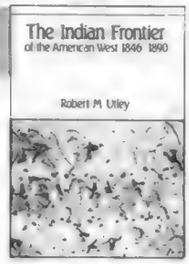

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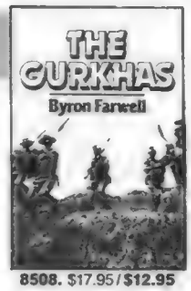

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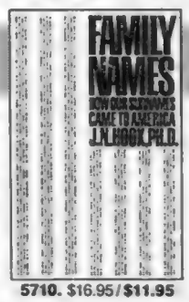

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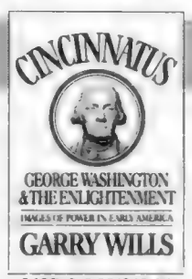

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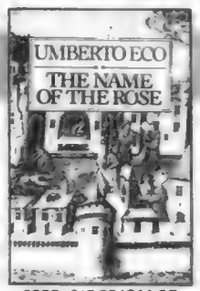

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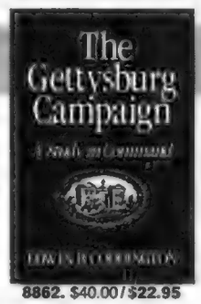

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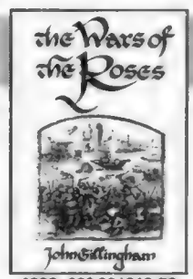

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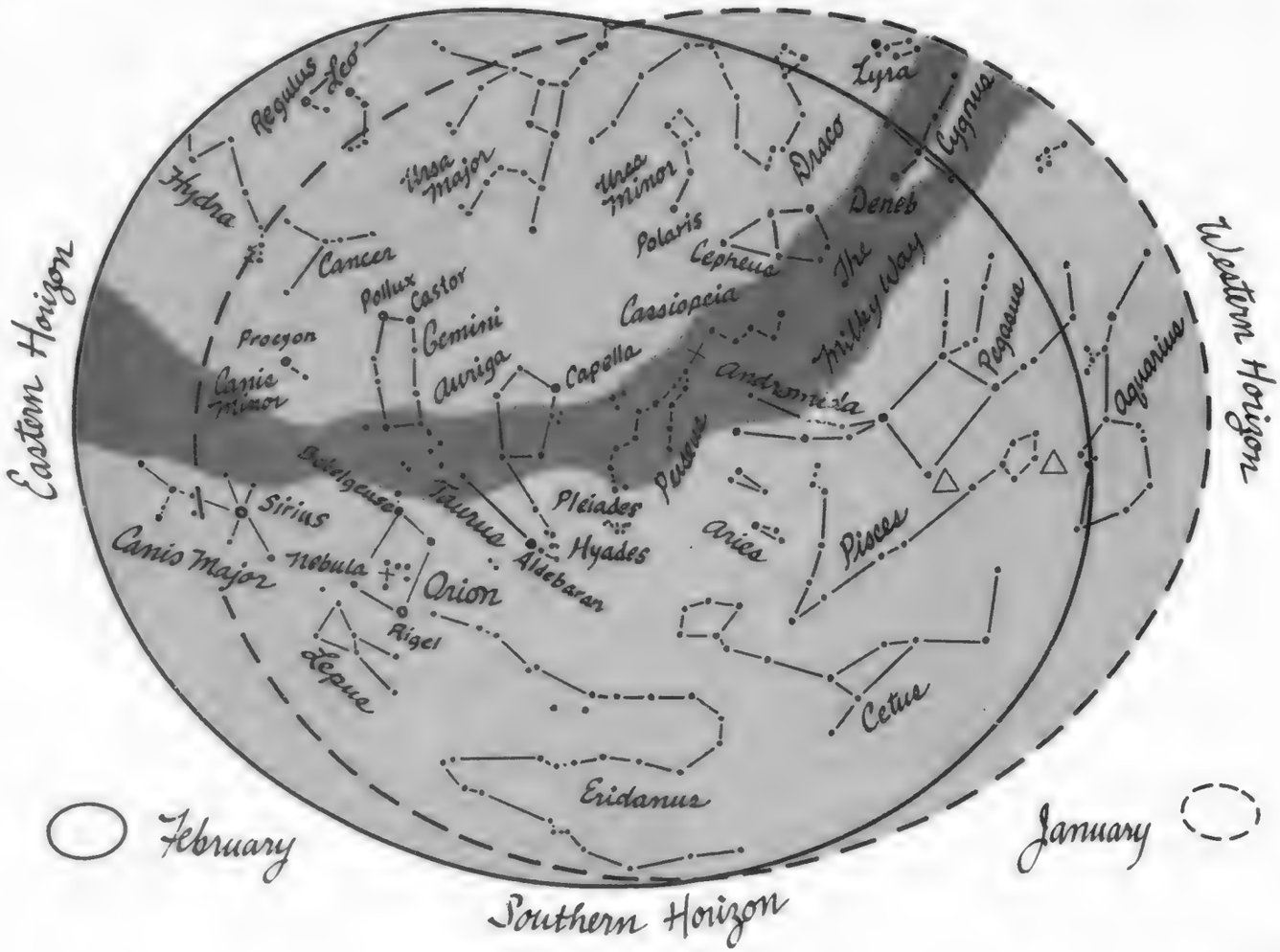


DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY DOROTHY SIGLER

Winter Skies Ablaze

by O. Richard Norton

For those of us living under western skies, winter becomes a very special time. How many of you have taken nightly walks with a chill in the air? If the skies seem darker, and the stars brighter than you remember them in the summer, then your memory serves you well. These are the celestial harbingers of winter, supporting the brightest stars of the four seasons. When the Great Square of Pegasus stands overhead in the evening twilight, the winter constellations begin to make their appearance in the east. Orion, the hunter, is there with its ruddy giant star, *Betelgeuse*, and blue-white star, *Rigel*, gracing the eastern horizon; but, if you're a careful observer, you may have noticed a solitary bright yellow star high in the northeast. This is *Capella*, the most northerly of the first magnitude stars. It was there in the fall, appearing before midnight low in the northeast (see star map in November/December 1984 issue). Because *Capella* is so near the north celestial pole, it swings around the pole much like the Big Dipper stars, setting only for a few hours before rising again. The result is that *Capella* can be seen sometime during the night every month of the year for observers in the continental United States including Alaska.

Shortly after Orion's bright stars rise, the celestial twin stars, *Pollux* and *Castor*, of Gemini make their appearance. These two stars appear nearly identical to the eye, but binoculars will show definite color differences. *Pollux* is yellow-orange; *Castor* is intense blue-white. Nowhere else in the sky can you see such a variety of colors in stars. Though the eye is not sensitive to color in faint light, binoculars and the telescope make star colors easily seen. Three other bright colorful stars pierce the dark, winter sky. Ahead of Orion rises Taurus, the bull, with its orange star, *Aldebaran*; while following the celestial hunter are his two hunting dogs, both sporting bright gems: *Sirius*, the brightest star of all in

Canis Major and *Procyon* in Canis Minor.

Now all of this crowding of bright stars may seem overwhelming to you, but don't be dismayed. These bright stars are great landmarks and make your job of locating the constellations far easier than it was in the fall. All of these first magnitude stars follow the winter Milky Way, outlining this diffuse light band from Cassiopeia to Canis Major. You will need a good, dark sky to see winter's Milky Way. It is less than half the brightness of summer's and has no dark rift running down the middle.

Where are the Planets?

This winter finds only one planet in the evening sky, but its brilliance rivals all other planets and remains the third brightest celestial object. Venus adorns the western sky, making a perfect "Christmas Star" for the season. By the end of February, Venus will be close enough to the earth to show itself as a tiny disk in quarter phase through binoculars.

Through Your Binoculars

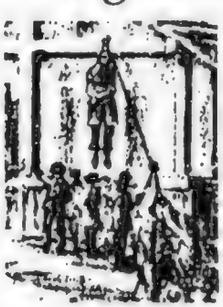
The winter sky is especially well suited to binocular observations. Topping the list is a little group of stars that many people confuse with the little dipper, simply because it looks like the dipper. This little group of fourth and fifth magnitude stars is the famous Pleiades, also called the Seven Sisters, and marks the shoulder of Taurus. Six stars are easily seen without optical aid. The illusive seventh star is a real challenge and a good test of your eyesight. Here's how to find it. Once you have located the dipper shape, look closely at the "handle" star. Just above (north) of that star is the seventh sister. This star is near the limits of visibility of human eyes, and you'll need a dark sky to see it. But these seven stars are only the "tip of the iceberg." There is far more to the Pleiades than that. Your binoculars will tell the real story. The photograph shows the Pleiades as you will see them with binoculars. Dozens of fainter stars are revealed around the bright seven. They are lesser members of a cluster of several hundred stars, all born together and sharing the same region of space as they travel around our Galaxy. This is an "open" or "galactic" star cluster close enough to the earth (410 light years) to enable us to see some of its individual stars with the unaided eye.

Another open cluster is nearby, forming the familiar "V" of Taurus. Try this with binoculars, and again a treasure chest of faint stars appears. This is the Hyades open cluster. It is much closer to us than the Pleiades, about 130 light years. Both clusters are quite young as age goes in the Galaxy; about 500 million years is a reasonable guess. This seems old by our standards, but the sun is 5 billion years old by comparison. The Pleiades appeared not long after life evolved in the Cambrian seas on earth.

In the winter sky are two additional easily observed objects for eye and binoculars. Look for the "X" above the constellation of Perseus on the star map. You can see this object without binoculars as a hazy brightening in the Milky Way. This is the well-known Double Cluster in Perseus, and your binoculars will show both of them. They are much farther away than the Pleiades and contain three times the number of stars. Finally, try the Orion nebula in the sword of Orion. This is the best example of a glowing gas cloud in all the heavens. It is a stellar nursery where new stars are being born this very day.

O. Richard Norton *is director of the Flandrau Planetarium on the campus of the University of Arizona.*

Vigilantes in Gold Rush San Francisco



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Villa's Death Mask Returned

After lying in obscurity for decades, the death mask of Pancho Villa is now prominently displayed under glass at the Museo de la Revolución in Chihuahua, Mexico. While many people fled in horror before General Francisco Villa, others called him a Robin Hood of the Rio Grande. No matter how he is esteemed, hero or bandit, Villa (born Doroteo Arango, 1878) is a historic figure of the Mexican Revolution, and the recent return of his death mask from the United States to Mexico was hailed by the Mexican people as a great gesture of goodwill.

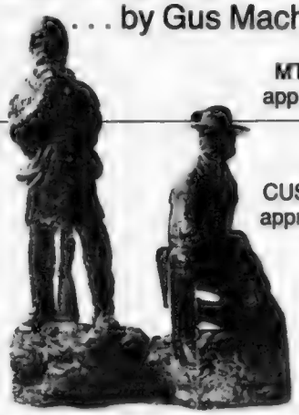
Discovered several years ago in the stored collections of the Radford School (a co-educational school in El Paso, Texas), Villa's death mask soon became the center of attention—first at the school where new casts were made from the original, and then south of the border where Mexican officials asked for its return. Containing mustache hairs and blood stains from the dead man's face, the mask is a unique record of the appearance of this notorious revolutionary at the time of his death. It is considered a national treasure of Mexico.

After some encouragement from the director of the Radford School and from Ruth Nordwald Graham, an alumna whose father donated the mask to the school in the 1930s, the Radford School board finally agreed to let the mask go with no strings attached. Last spring in El Paso, before busloads of Mexicans, Texans, students, and government officials from both sides of the border, the school presented the death mask of General Villa to the Historical Society of Chihuahua, Mexico. Notables gave speeches of appreciation, and the crowd cheered "Viva U.S., Viva Mexico." Radford did retain one incidental benefit, however. With the duplicate casts the Radford School has produced silver, bronze, and ceramic masks that are being sold to raise funds for its programs.

Adios. The book has closed on the story of Harry E. Webb—longtime cowboy and recent honoree of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center. Webb was ninety-six years old when he was presented the Trustee's Award for Lifetime Contribution to Western Heritage in April of 1984. His was a particularly long life of bronc-busting, horse-training, coal-mining, sheep-herding, and trapping. As a young man in 1912, he rode with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. As one of the very few living people who'd known that slice of history firsthand, Webb was invited two years ago by the Buffalo Bill Historical Center to visit its Cody, Wyoming, complex. There he spent

COLLECTOR'S WESTERN SCULPTURE

. . . by Gus Machado



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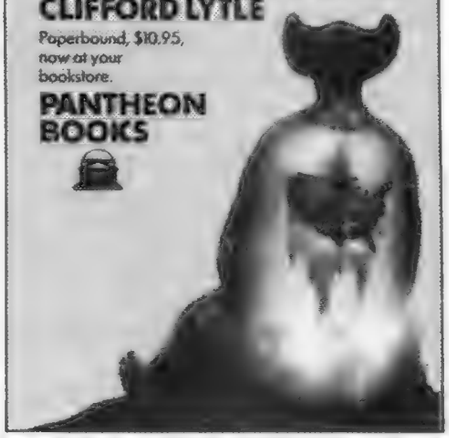

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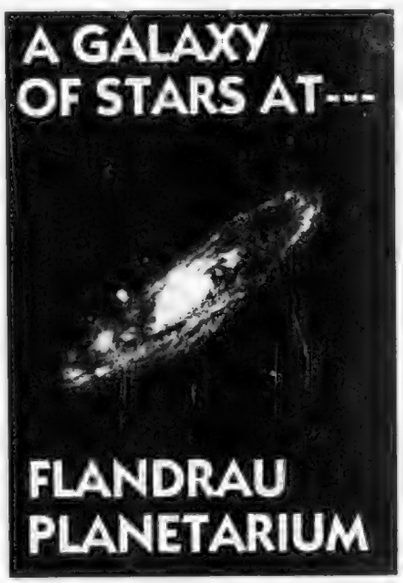

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Lookout

many hours taping reminiscences of the show and Buffalo Bill himself. But that's not all. Webb also received a Golden Spur Award for Western Literature, his only novel was made into a Disney film, and he wrote Western tales regularly for *Nevada* magazine before his death last July. According to his friends, and he had many, Harry Webb was a man with a twinkle in his cowboy eyes—a man who left a good parcel of himself and the Old West with us when he left.

Navajos, up and coming. When Peterson Zah took office as Chairman of the Navajo Nation in January of 1983, he took into charge a deep red well of debts totaling $23 million. Since that time, the Tribal Council has not only wrestled down the deficit, it has also approved, for 1984–1985, the first balanced budget since the tribal government was formed in 1922. Though to some, Zah's policies have seemed stringent, those policies are now paying off for this country's largest American Indian tribe. The icing is that this budget does not include anticipated revenues from a business-activities tax that went into effect last October. It also does not include other industrial-tax programs that could be in place early in 1985. In addition, the Zah team hopes to have several longstanding energy leases that do not pay the tribe a fair market value renegotiated during this year. Duane Beyal, press officer for the Navajo Nation, says the added income could allow local Navajo chapters to work out labor intensive projects—bringing electrical power, running water, and sewer lines to their communities while providing jobs for their people.

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY VICTORIA POTAK KUSER

Ancient Mayan culture is being explored once again—this time by anthropologists from the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque. At Sayil, however, in the Puuc region of the Yucatan, University of New Mexico workers are no longer uncovering artifacts from great ceremonial structures like that site's sensational three-story, ninety-room palace. Rather, they are working over three, dullish-looking square kilometers surrounding the palace. According to Dr. Jeremy Sabloff, co-director with Dr. Gair Tourtellot of the U.N.M. project, the thrust of the current study at Sayil is part of a recent movement in archeology to look beyond the glitter of "Park Avenue" toward a better understanding of an entire culture.

Until very recently, an abundance of material had been uncovered pertaining to the Mayan temples, but practically nothing was known about the grounds just five steps away. At Sayil the New Mexico team mapped about one-half the three square miles in last spring's dig, including some sections once densely populated. In the near future they will also explore the community's agricultural system and will piece together the materials to construct a more comprehensive view of this thousand-year-old Mayan culture.

Earthquake Consortium. The states of Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri, and Tennessee are working together in the Central United States Earthquake Consortium. These seven states are taking preliminary steps to prepare for an inevitable jolt along the New Madrid fault, where "the greatest earth shock in American history" (estimated at about 8.6 on the Richter scale) shook the sparsely populated Mississippi Valley in 1812. Again in 1895 the Valley felt a tremor measuring 6.5. With recurrence intervals set at an average of 110 to 120 years, scientists expect another leviathan blow around the turn of this century, and losses forecast for the now heavily populated region include many billions of dollars and thousands of lives.

CUSEC, with a $300,000 boost from the Federal Emergency Management Agency, hopes to mitigate the effects of a severe earthquake by developing public awareness and by designing relief systems for emergencies. The Earthquake Consortium will also study vulnerability of specific high density areas like Memphis and St. Louis and will consider current research on quake-resistant construction.

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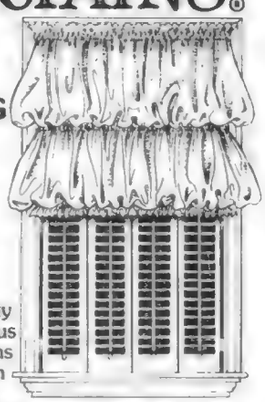

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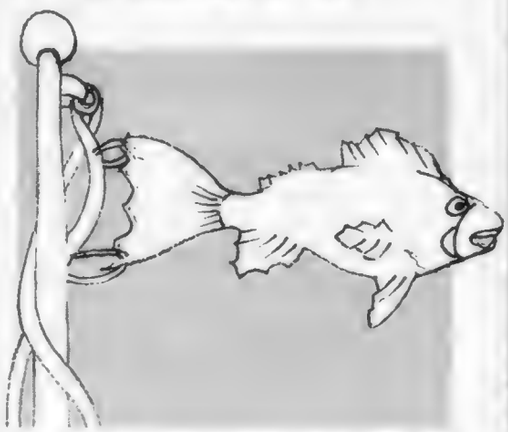
Lookout

Sod-busting trouble. The U.S. Department of Agriculture's Soil Conservation Service estimates that this country is losing five billion tons of our best crop-producing topsoil to erosion each year. At the same time, federal farm subsidy programs currently are allotted without regard to soil conditions, thereby inadvertently "subsidizing soil erosion" according to Senator Bill Armstrong (R., Colo.). Armstrong points out that more than 225 million acres of fragile, highly erodible lands in the West are fast becoming barren, and topsoil loss from wind and water erosion has been heavier in the last few years than during the Dust Bowl days. Both House and Senate passed bills designed to rectify this situation, but because of significant differences in the provisions, legislators in a conference committee last summer were unable to agree on a final version. Because erosion is considered an urgent issue, legislators are expected to tackle the problem again next year.



DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY DAVID L. JONES

Hawaii gets a fish. Although the island state of Hawaii already has a state bird, flower, tree, and marine animal, it still doesn't have an official state fish. When workers at the University of Hawaii's Marine Options Program realized this, they drafted a resolution to scrutinize the indigenous fish, selecting those that are readily seen around the islands and that have been culturally important historically and in the present. At this writing the general population is voting from a list of eight fish that might sound more like a tongue-twister to statesiders—among them the *lauwiliwilinukunukuoioi* (long-nose butterfly fish, a beautiful yellow species considered good eating by early Hawaiians but more popular today with tropical-fish lovers). At this point, the favorite choice is the *humuhumukunukuapua'a,* a sharp-toothed trigger fish that grunts like a pig when caught. The final decision will be made by state legislators in the upcoming session.

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- ☐ In John Naisbitt's *Megatrends,* three of the "bellwether" states (California, Washington and Colorado) are in the West, as are nine of the "ten cities to watch."
- ☐ The West now leads in agriculture, high-tech and information.

Consider the implications:

- ☐ The largest share of new housing starts will be in the West.
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- ☐ The West will see the launch of more new high-tech, energy- and information-based companies.

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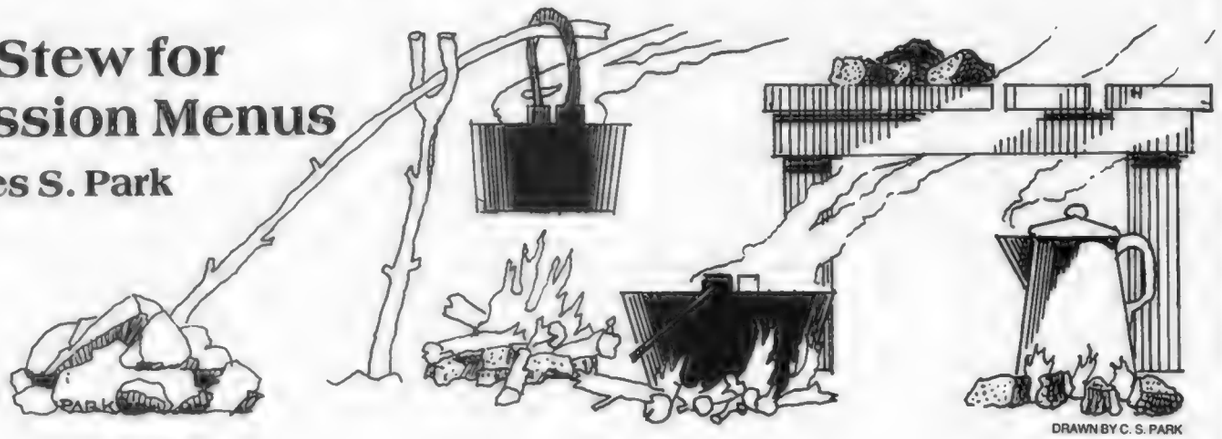
Stone Stew for Depression Menus

by Charles S. Park



DRAWN BY C. S. PARK

Grown men could not get work during the Depression. What chance did a teenager just out of high school have? So, I went to the Mohave to scratch the desert for gold with my Uncle Arch. I could have found my way from Los Angeles to his camp with my eyes closed, just by following my nose.

First there was clear air scented with orange blossoms all the way to Cucamonga. Then came the tangy perfume of eucalyptus to San Bernardino, and next, the pungent odor of greasewood on the wind flowing over Cajon Pass. At Barstow the breeze out of the west carried the hint of another aroma: a pot of Uncle Arch's stone stew simmering on the coals.

Later, my stomach full, I lay on my blanket and looked at the dark land sloping down from the distant Calico Mountains. Tiny lights over there were like fallen stars stuck in the vast sweep of desert rocks and sand. They were the scattered lonesome campfires where part of the southwestern contingent of the Great Army of Unemployed was bivouacked. They were also gold seekers.

Their bed was a blanket like mine. The sky above was their roof. They came from all walks of a society that had stopped supplying them luxuries like money and food. Some days we found no gold, and that was when stone stew came in handy. Nourishing food was essential to do the kind of work that dry washing required.

For eons, bits of gold made their way from the mineral-laden mountains toward Harper Dry Lake, a natural settling basin. Some of the gold fell into cracks in the bedrock crossing dry creek beds and washes. To recover that lost gold, a shovel and a pick were necessities, as were a whisk broom, paint brush, some slender metal tools designed for slipping into small interstices in the rock (tools made from anything from a dentist's explorer to an iced-tea spoon), a flat-bottomed gold-pan, half of a rusty metal drum to hold water for bathing, shaving, and washing concentrates, and a mechanical dry washer.

A typical day at our camp began with a steaming bowl of stone stew—Uncle Arch was partial to granite for his stones. If we had been lucky the previous week, the stew would be thick. Also, there would be coffee, oatmeal, and a slice of bread toasted over coals. At noon, we'd have stone stew and bread and maybe a bit of hoarded Limburger cheese. In the evening, we'd eat more of the same, with a dish of canned peaches. To a hungry man, the menu never grew old.

We spent the day in the washes. The work was wearing on the knees, hands, and aching spine. The sun burned the back of the neck. Dry winds cracked lips. But by noon a few buckets of dust and sand would be swept, brushed, and pried out of the bedrock and carried to camp, with more in the afternoon.

Five days later the moment of truth arrived when the dry washer was applied to the stockpile. One man cranked a bellows that shook, shivered, and bounced the riffle board. Another ladled dirt onto the board. Lighter material puffed off on the breeze while heavier stuff settled behind each riffle. Then the riffle board was carefully cleaned. The concentrates were poured into the gold pan, and the pan was swirled in the rusty half-barrel of muddy bath water until nothing was left in the groove of the pan except the iron particles of black sand and a comet's tail of gold dust, quickly dried by the wind and the desert air.

Next came the magnetic separation of black sand from the gold. Then off to Barstow with our poke to buy food to hold us together for the next week. If enough money was left we had a meal at Ma Barrett's place in Daggett—all you could eat for a fifty-cent piece.

But most of the power to operate the pick, shovel, broom, brushes, spoons, and dry washer was developed by generous helpings of Uncle Arch's stone stew, maybe not a gourmet dish, but not a dish to turn your nose up at, either. It stuck to the ribs and held us together.

Stone Stew

Uncle Arch braised some bite-sized chunks of beef, pork, cottontail or jackrabbit, or a couple of quail or doves, in a big Dutch oven. He put in four clean rocks the size of medium potatoes and either a couple of Anaheim peppers with the skins on and seeds left in, or chili powder. He added some large onions, some canned tomatoes, a half-dozen carrots, some celery, lots of garlic, a cup of hominy, a turnip, a hunk of butter or some bacon grease, salt and pepper, and water. He let it boil until the vegetables fell apart and the meat was tender. Then he pushed the pot to the back of the fire and left it to simmer, adding water as needed.

"Now here's the gimmick and the reason it's called stone stew," he said. "Next time you might have meat but no vegetables. The boiling rocks release the flavor of vegetables locked in from the last pot. Days when there is no meat, the rocks add to the vegetables the flavor of previously cooked meat. Or if you don't have either meat or vegetables, boiled seasoned rocks alone produce a passable beef and vegetable bouillon."

For twenty-two years a Customs officer on the Mexican border, **Charles S. Park** *has cooked over many campfires. He is now co-authoring and illustrating* The Tailgate Gourmet, *a cookbook and menu-planner for campers.*

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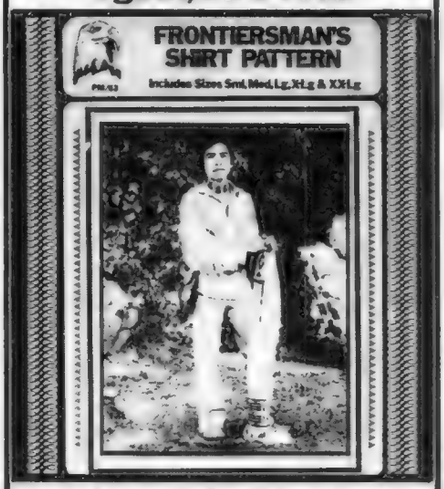

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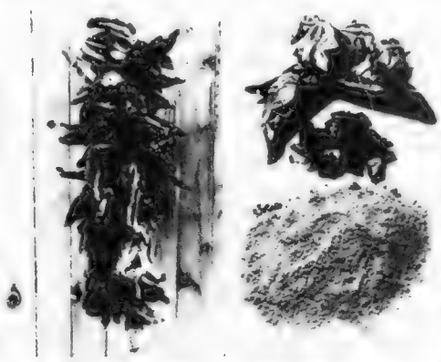

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Letters to the Editor

Grizzlies

Greetings to my favorite magazine! I know you will be deluged with letters of praise for Doug Peacock's story on Grizzlies. Add mine to the accolade. It was thrilling. Shades of the old Wild West stories—hooray for him. He has arrived. Wonder if the plaque "Support your right to arm bears" was destroyed by the Grizzly—or was it safe in the tower?

Helen T. Lee
Sacramento, California

Just finished reading "A Gathering of Grizzlies" by Doug Peacock and want you to know that as a senior citizen not being financially able to travel much over the years, I felt like I traveled with Doug.

Up the hills and down, around brush and trees, up to the fire lookout and all over the land he traveled—his description of his experience with the grizzlies was really breathtaking and very interesting—to know someone cares to save the grizzlies. Good for you, DOUG.

Mable Hamblen
Farmer City, Illinois

Navajos

The November/December issue of AMERICAN WEST is first rate. I liked especially the splendid article by Douglas Peacock on his life among the grizzly bear, and I look forward to reading his book on the subject.

About the Navajo people and their perennial problems, I offer the following no doubt unwelcome comment: If the Navajos truly want to preserve their cultural integrity as a tribe, they must face up to the truth that their basic problem is not economic, political, or social, but biological. Consider the facts: in 1890 when the Navajos were resettled on their present reservation, they numbered about 15,000; today the tribal population is something over 160,000 and growing fast, at a rate greater than any other American subgroup except the Hispanics and the Mormons. In brief, the Navajos have greatly outbred the carrying capacity of their range; the land cannot support one-tenth their present number.

Industrialization is not the answer: transforming the reservation into a Greater Newark, N.J., would merely compound their troubles by encouraging even faster population growth, completing the destruction of their land and traditions, confirming the majority in their passive acceptance of Federal handouts for survival, and condemning the employable remainder to a helpless dependence on our screwball boom-and-bust planetary economy.

What is the solution? The solution is obvious but I am not going to spell it out in this letter. If the Navajos really want to regain the pride, dignity, and freedom of an independent people they must stop feeling sorry for themselves and stop looking to outsiders for aid. Let them confront the facts of their situation, adopt the hard but necessary solution and act upon it—on their own. What they need first, more than anything else, is the strong tonic of self-reliance.

Edward Abbey
Oracle, Arizona

"The Great Hanging"

Your November/December article by L.D. Clark, "The Great Hanging at Gainesville, October 1862," is a great example of how one or all of us may throw away self-control by being recognizably political. After that terrible war was over, I'm sure some individuals were able to understand they had been "taken in." Who gets what and how much of the power and loot is a never-ending argument, then as it is now. Freedom is not a result of war or revenge.

Dan Henry
Big Pine Key, Florida

Old Route 66

Bobby Troup, who wrote the following recollection, gained fame in the 1940s for his song "Route 66," the most famous line being "Get your kicks on Route 66." Troup was the guest of honor at ceremonies in Williams, Arizona, on October 13, 1984, to commemorate the phasing out of the historic road.—Editor

Coming back to Williams, Arizona, for the festivities to commemorate the very last town along Old Route 66 to be bypassed by an interstate highway was both a sad and happy event. Sad because it's the end of an era that had so long been such a part of Americana. Sad because probably the best-known stretch of roadway in our history is no longer going to take us from Chicago to Los Angeles.

But then there's the glad part—the memories that take me back to 1946 when I first made my trip and wrote a song about it in the car. I might well have had lunch or dinner at Rod's Steak House. I might well have stopped to get gas at the Texaco station. As I grow older, my memory grows older. But I can very vividly recall the breathtaking scenery—the mountains, the green warmth of the fir trees. I can very vividly recall a charming, clean-aired town in northern Arizona—Williams!

BOBBY TROUP PHOTO BY TOM PEW

Bobby Troup
Encino, California

How utterly delightful and devastatingly nostalgic to hear and see Editor Tom Pew on TV last night on the McNeil/Lehrer NewsHour. Right here in the Sedona-Flagstaff area, we deplore the demise of Old 66. Bet ye old Interstaters blushed with shame to realize what they have done. Drat them!

Gladys Iris Clark
Sedona, Arizona

AMERICAN WEST's editor/president Tom Pew will appear periodically on the McNeil/Lehrer NewsHour with his "Views from the West." His comments from Williams, Arizona, on Route 66 were aired on October 12.

I am very interested in the article on Old Highway 66 (September/October 1984). I

have been involved with the restoration and updating of one of the buildings featured in the photo series, page 51. I am seeking information leading to copies of photos and research material concerning the Sage Brush Inn.

John G. Gordon
Oro Grande, California

I enjoyed your article in the September/October 1984 issue on Highway 66. The road that I traveled in the 1940s with my parents has special meaning, and I really hate to see it go by the wayside. I would like to acquire one of the "shield signs," and I wonder if you would know where they are and how I might be able to possess one.

Richard Weaver
Fort Worth, Texas

Replicas of the Old 66 signs may be purchased for $5 each (postpaid) from Engineer of Traffic, Illinois Department of Transportation, 2300 South Dirksen Parkway, Springfield, Illinois 62764.—Editor

I'm Dodie, your friendly ghost of the newly reopened Country Villa Cafe, formerly the Villa de Cubero Cafe on old Highway 66 (cover of AMERICAN WEST, September/October). We're still here, very much alive and serving a lot of hungry people who happen to pass our way.

I may not serve homemade apple pie, but how about a piece of homemade German chocolate cake? Besides, apples aren't in season yet.

DRAWN BY MARIE DE ARMOND

I would like to invite Thomas W. Pew, Jr., personally, to a relaxing and completely homemade dinner in my cafe. Happy trails from old Highway 66.

Dodie Antes-Brenneman
Cubero, New Mexico

Sod house memories

Is there any way you can capture more "living memories" of Gladys Iris Crouch Clark (September/October 1984)? What a joy to read of such a long-ago time, and what a rare pleasure to have one willing to share, through you, in such an articulate manner. I love her tales and urge you to continue publishing them.

Anne Louise Van Nostrand
Boston, Massachusetts

Western Skies

As a fairly new subscriber to AMERICAN WEST, I would like to express my appreciation of the "Western Skies" section of your magazine. This past summer I took an astronomy course at the Teton Science School in Grand Teton National Park. These articles are helping me to keep the knowledge I gained fresh in my memory.

I thoroughly enjoy the magazine. It is one of a select few that I read cover-to-cover.

Bonnie Willhelm
Lander, Wyoming

Yellowstone

Paul Schullery's story about Yellowstone Park and its geysers was good, but he never mentioned the first white man to see this area. He was John Colter, who was also famous for outrunning the fastest runners (warriors) of the Blackfeet who offered him his life if he could outrun their fastest warriors. They gave him a short start, and when one of the warriors caught up to him, he grabbed the warrior's hatchet and killed him, which delayed the others long enough for Colter to escape (naked).

Walt Thayer
Wenatchee, Washington

Hoover Dam

I am still trying to get names of men who worked on Hoover Dam between 1931 and 1936 to add to the list I have in my book *Hoover Dam and Boulder City,* which will go into the second printing soon. In the first printing I had less than a thousand names out of five thousand who worked on the project at one time, as there was one crew coming, one crew working, and one going, but there were thousands who worked it while it was under construction.

Marion V. Allen
P.O. Box 65
Shingletown, California 96088

Ansel Adams

I read Jay Dusard's tribute to Ansel Adams in the September/October issue. It must have been a true thrill to have known the most inspiring artist of our time. Ansel spent his entire life (beginning in his teens) working with a camera because he was impressed by the beauty of Yosemite Valley. A very short time later, Yosemite was being threatened. He directed his work to help save not only Yosemite but all kinds of wilderness and natural areas.

His photographs were not only testimonial to the worth of fine, artistic, photographic style, but also a witness and inspiring tool to the urgent necessity of saving a fraction of Eden.

John P. Tiefenbacher
Moscow, Idaho

Arbuckles' brew again

I would like to purchase the January/February 1984 issue of AMERICAN WEST if it is available. I am very interested in your article "Arbuckles'—the Coffee That Won the West" by Francis L. Fugate.

In my possession is an Arbuckle Coffee wooden packing crate. It belonged to my great-grandmother who traveled from Georgia to Texas in the late 1800s by covered wagon. She covered the box with fabric, added porcelain casters and used it as a trunk.

Ida J. Smith
Kingsland, Texas

Indian heritage

AMERICAN WEST is the best magazine to be offered to the public, in my estimation. The only improvement would be to add more history of Indian tribes in different regions of America. I hope to be able to read something about the Indian tribes of Texas in some future edition. I grew up in the Knox City, Knox County area, approximately seventy-six miles north of Abilene, Texas. Keep up the good informative works concerning my Indian heritage.

Margarette Merlene Ware
Parker, Florida

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719.

Western Books in Brief

Zane Grey's Arizona *by Candice C. Kant (Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1984; 184 pp., illus., biblio., notes, $14.95).*
The author links Zane Grey's enthusiasm for Arizona's canyons, reservations, and southern deserts with the plots and settings of Grey's many Western romances. Photographs and a section on Grey's part in the filming of his stories round out this intriguing look at Grey's views on Arizona.

Roadside Geology of Washington *by David D. Alt and Donald W. Hyndman (Mountain Press, Missoula, Montana, 1984; 294 pp., illus., maps, glossary, paper $9.95).*
This guide will suit the amateur geologist interested in learning the history of the Washington landscape. The authors selected the most prominent features of Washington geology, and in plain language explain the processes that formed them. Their interpretations of Washington plate tectonics in particular are original, published for the first time in this book.

Kit Carson: A Pattern for Heroes *by Thelma S. Guild and Harvey L. Carter (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1984; 380 pp., index, biblio., illus., notes, $18.95).*
Kit Carson's life, in this well-researched biography, reads like an exciting adventure story. His success as a trapper and army campaigner made him a national hero, famed as the best guide in the West and an expert on Indians. The authors show how Carson gradually evolved from antagonist to friend of the Indian in this entertaining book.

A Slice of Country Life 1902–1915 *by George F. Walker (Strawberry Hill Press, San Francisco, 1984; 192 pp., illus., paper $7.95).*
Walker tells the engaging story of his youth on a small farm in Oregon when self-reliance and hard work were keys to survival. People took the time to know each other well, and family and friends labored together. Walker's wit sparkles in many a country-life anecdote about canning fruit, shearing sheep, and other farm-related chores.

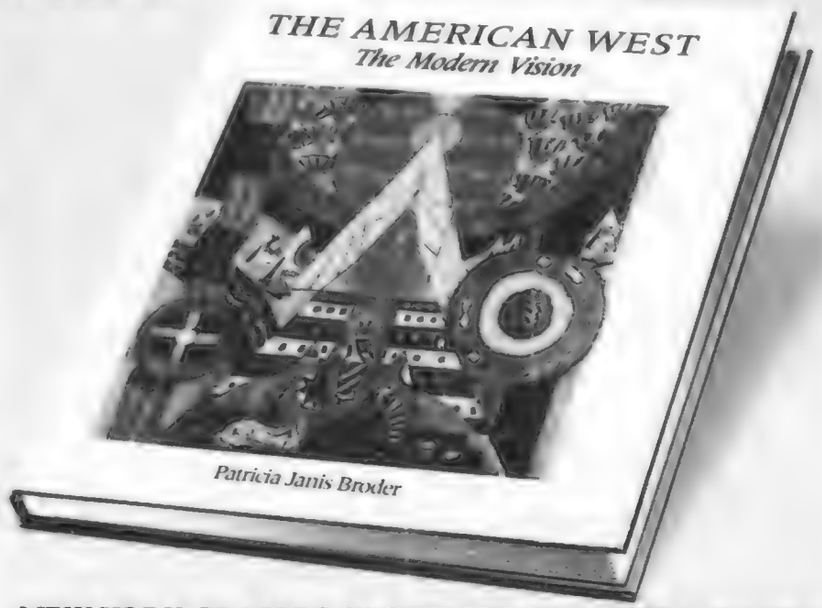
From Grassland to Glacier: The Natural History of Colorado *by Cornelia Fleischer Mutel and John C. Emerick (Johnson Books, Boulder, Colorado, 1984; 250 pp., index, illus., glossary, paper $9.95).*
This handbook will help the natural history buff learn about plants, animals, and their interaction with people in Colorado's varied ecosystems. Five self-guided tours, beginning in Denver, Boulder, Colorado Springs, Aspen, and Walsenburg, allow the reader to view firsthand the areas discussed.

The Sixth Grandfather: Black Elk's Teachings Given to John G. Neihardt *ed. by Raymond J. DeMallie (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1984; 482 pp., index, illus., biblio., appendix, $19.95).*
Neihardt sets down the transcripts of his interviews with Black Elk, an Oglala Sioux holy man. Black Elk had visions of certain powers in the universe that would enable Indians and non-Indians to find joy and contentment in this world. His historical teachings vividly portray the old tribal way of life.

Plowboys, Cowboys and Slanted Pigs: A Collection *by Jerry Flemmons, drawings by J. D. Crowe (Texas Christian University Press, Fort Worth, 1984; 245 pp., illus.,*

Breaking the clichés of "Western art"

If Western art means only cowboy imagery to you, you're in for a delightful surprise in the pages of this magnificent new book. *THE AMERICAN WEST: The Modern Vision* is a lavish celebration of the many ways that 20th-century artists have brought modern styles to bear on the changing face of the West. Here are works by Robert Henri, Edward Hopper, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, David Hockney, Fritz Scholder and other modern masters who portray the West, not with nostalgia, but with the clear eye of the present. *397 illustrations, 100 in full color.*



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Expanded and revised edition of the 1955 classic about the Taos Society of Artists. Four new chapters on individual painters, two new introductory chapters. 55 color, 44 black-and-white illustrations.
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OLD WEST PUBLISHING CO.
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cloth $15.95, paper $8.95).
Everything from a fire-and-brimstone preacher to a slanted pig inhabits these pages about Texas life of yesterday and today. Often hilarious, these essays, written for Flemmons's newspaper column, tell where to locate the best Texas cuisine (find a café with five pickup trucks parked outside), and give the lowdown on cowtown culture.

Indian Art Traditions of the Northwest Coast *ed. by Roy Carlson (Dist. for Archaeology Press by University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1984; 214 pp., illus., maps, references, paper $15.00).*
This work shows the rich artistic culture of prehistoric Indian tribes who lived along the Pacific Northwest coast. Their artifacts have yielded clues about power, prestige, and daily routine in these early cultures. Over two hundred photographs display the wealth of detail to be found on even the smallest of combs.

New Mexico: A New Guide to the Colorful State *by Lance Chilton, et al. (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984; 640 pp., index, biblio., cloth $35.00, paper $17.50).*
Both serious and casual visitors to New Mexico will value this guide. Interesting, well-written essays provide a background on the history, land, and people of this Southwestern state. The guide also suggests eighteen tours, complete with maps and side trips, to outstanding natural and historical features and cities.

Lying on the Eastern Slope: James Townsend's Comic Journalism on the Mining Frontier *by Richard A. Dwyer and Richard E. Lingenfelter (Florida International University Press, Miami, 1984; 173 pp., index, illus., notes, $15.00).*
James Townsend, liar *extraordinaire*, often felt the need to exaggerate his journalistic accounts of frontier events. With a keen eye he caught the little absurdities of daily life, and then stretched the truth a bit for his readers. The authors skillfully explain why he did this, comparing the dull routine of an 1860s Sierra mining town with passages from the creative stories Townsend cooked up to make good copy.

American Wood Heat Cookery *by Margaret Byrd Adams (Pacific Search Press, Seattle, 1981, revised 1984; 252 pp., index, paper $7.95).*
These tasty recipes from around the world were prepared over wood heat stoves by immigrants to America. Adams adds the extra flavor of historical background, telling a bit about the origin of each dish. She provides instructions for cooking in a conventional oven as well.

Hashknife Cowboy: Recollections of Mack Hughes *by Stella Hughes, illus. by Joe Beeler (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1984; 234 pp., index, illus., glossary, $17.50).*
At the age of twelve, Mack Hughes became a cowboy on the million-acre Hashknife Ranch in northern Arizona. He recounts amusing yarns about his many adventures while working cattle for more than fifty years.

American Indian Myth and Legends *by Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz (Pantheon Books, New York, 1984; 544 pp., illus., $19.95).*
These charming tales tell about the man who married the moon, the origin of mosquitos, the theft of light, and many other mythical events. More than stories, the short pieces collected in this book are part of the cultural history of Indian tribes across the continent.

Southwestern Vocabulary: The Words They Used *by Cornelius C. Smith, Jr. (The*

N E B R A S K A

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This is the definitive biography of Big Bear, the Canadian Cree chief, whose tragic life was devoted to preventing the dispossession of his proud Plains people. Despite his efforts, the Canadian Government's insensitivity to the people of a different culture resulted in starvation, suppression, and ultimately bloodshed.

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This collection of stories, published in 1978, ten years after Conrad Richter's death, shows him to be a prose stylist who borrowed the techniques of the ballad and cinema in compressing and fusing brilliant visual images. "These stories touch the heartbeat under the frontier landscape, the forces that for hundreds of years made it the most attractive place on earth."—*New Republic.*

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Books

Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California, 1984; 168 pp., illus., index, biblio., maps, $19.50).
The colorful terms of the Southwest presented in this book tell the story of the various peoples and tribes who lived there. The author defines Spanish, Indian, Anglo, and military words, giving a brief sketch of the origins of each. Phrases like "a man for breakfast," *"Capa de Pobres,"* and even the familiar Indian greeting "How" are traced in this history of Southwestern lingo.

West of Eden: A History of the Art and Literature of Yosemite *by David Robertson (Yosemite Natural History Association and Wilderness Press, Berkeley, 1984; 174 pp., index, illus., cloth $29.95, paper $19.95).*
Yosemite's dramatic landscapes have attracted and inspired painters, writers, and photographers for years. These works range from an eerie Ansel Adams photograph of Half Dome to Albert Bierstadt's 1864 painting "Valley of the Yosemite." Writings by John Muir and other authors round out this collection of artists' views of the many faces of Yosemite.

Historic Country Inns of California *by Jim Crain (Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1984; 180 pp., index, illus., paper $8.95).*
Travelers in California looking for a taste of local color and old-time hospitality will treasure this guide. Inns in cities and small towns from Eureka to San Diego offer antique decor and homemade meals along with modern comfort. Well-written historical and practical details help the tourist make an informed choice.

Karl Bodmer's America *intro. by William H. Goetzmann, annotations by David C. Hunt and Marsha V. Gallagher, bio. by William J. Orr (Joslyn Art Museum & University of Nebraska Press, 1984; 376 pp., illus., biblio., cloth $65.00).*
From 1832 to 1834, Swiss artist Karl Bodmer and his patron, Prince Maximilian of Wied, journeyed up the Missouri River, some 3,000 miles across the West. Bodmer's watercolors and sketches of the people, villages, and scenery he saw along the way make a pictorial travelog of the frontier. His images of Indian life are particularly interesting and rich in detail.

The Oklahoma Land Rush of 1889 *by Stan Hoig (Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City, 1984; 300 pp., illus., index, biblio., cloth $14.95).*
The Land Run of 1889 drew "boomers" from all across the nation, homesteaders eager to settle in the "Oklahoma country." Tent cities sprang up overnight as pioneers gathered for the opening. The author traces the events before, during, and after the exciting rush for claims with the aid of photographs and first-hand tales.

Mabel Dodge Luhan: New Woman, New Worlds *by Lois Palken Rudnick (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984; 400 pp., notes, illus., index, $19.95).*
The author presents a sympathetic account of the life of Mabel Dodge Luhan, a mover and a shaker in the changing artistic and social scene during the early years of this century. Luhan influenced and inspired a generation of artists in the United States and in Europe. During the 1920s she began her crusade to make her adopted city of Taos, New Mexico, a cultural center for painters, writers, and social activists.

Great Hot Springs of the West *by Bill Kaysing (Capra Press, Santa Barbara, 1984; 208 pp., illus., maps, paper $9.95).*
Nature's own hot tubs dot the West, offering the joys of a heated bath in scenic outdoor settings. Full-fledged resorts surround some Western hot spots, while others bubble up undisturbed outside small country towns. A list of additional sites accompanies the informal text on featured springs, along with detailed maps and photographs.

Texas Cowboys: Memories of the Early Days *ed. Jim Lanning and Judy Lanning (Texas A&M University Press, College Station, 1984; 249 pp., biblio., illus., cloth $15.95).*
These lively interviews, recorded during the Depression, tell of the wild, funny, never dull episodes in which turn-of-the-century Texas cowboys took part. There's always something happening on the range (like an escape from a charging bull) that puts on a show, as one old-time Texan states. The appeal of these "shows" kept the ranchhand happy as he toiled away on dusty cattle trails along the open range.

Georgia O'Keeffe: The Artist's Landscape *photo. by Todd Webb (Twelvetree Press, Pasadena, 1984; 104 pp., illus., biblio., cloth $45.00).*
Webb photographed O'Keeffe and her surroundings in the Southwest for more than thirty years. Spare, often stark, images of O'Keeffe's home and studios echo the sense of space and form found in her paintings. These superb black-and-white photographs reveal the artist in the midst of the land that inspired her art.

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A RANCH WITHOUT FENCES IS LIKE A HOUSE WITHOUT WALLS. On August 27, 1984, in a fire that was the worst in any old-timer's memory in the Bull Mountains of Montana, Cliff and Linda Roen lost thirty miles of fences. They also lost their house.

In addition to the house and fences, nine thousand acres of pastures shot skyward in a moving wall of flame and smoke as the Roens stood by helplessly. Their mountain of baled-and-stacked winter hay went off like a bomb, while nearby, their corral fences burned in a hideous mockery of a Fourth of July display, and the heavy steel of their squeeze-chute was warped out of shape by the heat of the blaze. Out-buildings, tractors, cars—all were sacrificed to a fire that their neighbor, friend, and fellow rancher Bob Tully declared as "one you could fight all you wanted, but one you weren't going to beat."

In most parts of the country, such a disaster as the one experienced by the Roens and other ranch families of the Bull Mountains would put people out of business. But here in these mountains, sleeves rolled up after a morning of gathering, counting, and testing cows for pregnancy, Cliff and Linda share a bowl of homemade chili served off the tail gate of their pickup and talk about the fire, but mostly about the future—a future that, as before, is really based on their own four capable hands more than on any fences or walls.

"We weren't even looking over our shoulders when this one came up and wiped us out," says Linda Roen, who along with Cliff was out helping neighbors build fireguards around their homes when the fire struck. "It was movin' so fast there wasn't time to panic. You just did what you could wherever you happened to be at the time." With only fifteen minutes to choose from the keepsakes of a lifetime before their cabin burst into flames, the Roens grabbed important papers, photo albums, clothing, and toys for their two young sons.

"The hardest part," Linda recalls, "was sifting through the ashes and seein' all the memories of things you couldn't take." The Roens say the blaze has set them back ten years and half a

PHOTO BY LAURANCE AUPPY

After the Big Fire in Next-Year Country

by Carol Ann Bassett

Montanans pick up the pieces and look ahead

In August of 1984 lightning struck the dry fields and forests of Montana, igniting at least 300 separate fires that raced wildly across the state. Near Helena, the North Hill fire threatened man and beast and property with brilliant flames and choking clouds of smoke. Suffering great losses, Montanans took stock of the catastrophe, rolled up their sleeves, and set to work to put their lives together again.

million dollars. With no emergency aid or government loans by October, they borrowed money to mend their fences. With no pastures left, they bought hay at three times the cost of grazing. With no resources to make it through the winter, they sold 250 of their 300 cows. With no cabin left, they moved into their mobile home, the only thing spared by the fire, which stopped only three feet away.

It will be spring before the fences are mended, summer before the cows begin grazing again, years before they can rebuild their house. "Cattle and hay are our business," says Linda, "and that'll have to come first."

For the Northern Plains, it was a year plagued by disasters. First came the drought, the result of sparse rainfall in the spring and summer. Then came the grasshoppers, great brown clouds that descended on crops of wheat, barley, oats, and finally the grasslands. What the grasshoppers left behind, the hailstorms battered to the ground. In August, lightning from a dry thunderstorm struck randomly across the state, igniting rotten logs, brush, and needles in Montana's forests. As strong winds fanned the tiny flames, the fire rose like an angry dragon, sucking in air, heating it, and blasting it through the trees at speeds of up to sixty miles an hour. Herds of elk and deer raced ahead of the wall of fire. Coyotes scampered on singed feet into nearby canyons. For days, the flames crowned the tops of Ponderosa pine and Douglas fir, leaping from ridge to ridge in a brilliant nighttime spectacle of soaring embers that could be seen from thirty miles away.

"Our state is literally on fire," proclaimed Montana Governor Ted Schwinden, as more than 300 separate burns raged unchecked across the state, destroying a quarter of a million acres. To the north of Helena, thick gray smoke billowed up from 28,000 acres of burning timberland in the Gates of the Mountains Wilderness Area. In northwestern Montana, the Houghton Creek fire near Libby grew to 13,000 acres, forcing hundreds of residents to evacuate. The smoke was so heavy in the copper sky that headlights flicked on at noon on U.S. Highway 2. The state that declares itself the land of the "big sky" appeared to be entering the throes of a nuclear winter.

Hardest hit were the Bull Mountains between Roundup and Billings, an area named by the Indians long ago for the shaggy bull bison that once wintered here in the protection of the rimrock. On August 27, the fire raced across the Bull Mountain massif, doubling back the next day when the Goulding Creek and Hawk Creek fires burned together across U.S. Highway 87, creating a firestorm like that of exploding napalm. The blaze continued to char a path southward across timbered hills and grasslands in Musselshell and Yellowstone counties. By August 29, the flames had destroyed 173,000 acres and fifty-two homes in the Bull Mountain range.

Steve Charter was fighting the fire on a neighbor's land when he noticed gathering smoke clouds swirl skyward from all directions. In apprehension, Steve and his fellow fire fighters broke away and raced along the twisting Bull Mountain roads to their own places. Soon, Steve and his brother Joe were bouncing up a steep ridge on a wooded section of their ranch. The pickup growled up the last rise in four-wheel drive. No sign of the fire yet, but as they crested the ridge, the fire sprang

PHOTO BY TOM PEW

PHOTO BY TOM PEW

"Our state is literally on fire," said the Montana governor.

PHOTO BY LAURANCE AIUPPY

PHOTO BY LAURANCE AIUPPY

(Clockwise beginning at top) *Strong winds sweeping across the Big Sky Country spread countless spot fires among the ground cover of tere pine needles and brush. Here a fire fighter contends with flames on the perimeter of the North Hill fire. In the same battle zone, a high-pressure-hose crew drenches the area. Many of Steve Charter's cattle perished in the fire, this unfortunate animal meeting its death in a coulee on the Charter place in the Bull Mountains. The Cliff Roens lost just about everything, including fences, pastures, home, and this old Cadillac.*

full blown onto the next ridge over. "It wasn't supposed to be anywhere near there," Steve says. "It was a terrible sight—just across the draw from us, coming up all at once in a long line, moving faster than a man could possibly run, with some of our cows in between us and the blaze. The next morning we found the dead cows in a coulee near the creek."

In the time it took Steve and Joe to negotiate their pickup off the ridge and cut fences to release the cows that weren't already trapped and burning, the blaze consumed about 3,000 acres of the Charter homestead, doubling back the next day and claiming 5,000 more. It tore through draws and coulees and licked up wooded slopes. It hit the Charters as it had the Roens, on their own land while they were away helping neighbors. When the fire came, it hit so swiftly that choices had to be made on the spot between what to save, and what to give up to the inferno. In the end the fire took what it wanted, when it wanted, regardless of the ranchers' choices.

On the Roen ranch the fire took fence, grass, stacked alfalfa, and buildings. On the Charter place it took its share of those things, but especially the livestock: animals burned alive or suffocated where they stood while the pine-crowning blaze swept overhead and sucked the air dry of oxygen. Most of the Charter buildings survived, but as Steve's wife Jeannie says: "Generally, people who aren't ranchers tend to think saving buildings is it, and that's not exactly what's important on a ranch. In our case that's about all we did save, and we've got plenty of loss."

In the aftermath of the blaze, while the ground was still hot and burning in places, Steve and Jeannie found cattle that had miraculously escaped the fire in spite of singed backs and even melted plastic ear-tags. Others were less fortunate. In perhaps the most horrible testament to the fire's cruel rage, Steve found one cow who had struggled across ground so hot her feet burned off and remained behind smoldering in the thick ash while she limped ahead a few yards before collapsing and dying. Even weeks later, cattle continued to die from injuries suffered during the fire. Some were so badly burned they had to be shot. "That was the saddest part," says Jeannie. "Those yearlings were big and fat and happy." With sixty cows dead and ninety-five percent of their pastures and fences burned to the ground, the Charters shipped their remaining cattle to a farmer-feeder in South Dakota for the winter.

Like other ranchers in the Bull Mountains, the Charters say they can mend their fences and buy new cows. In time, their land will heal. But Jeannie says the loss of their neighbor and friend Doug Spaith will never heal. The thirty-two-year-old rancher was the only person to perish while fighting the blaze after receiving burns over fifty-nine percent of his body.

In a subdivision south of Roundup fifty families lost their homes. As a fire truck pulled into Paul and Karen Manning's front yard, flames lapped at the grass in the back. As Paul describes it, "Sparks and debris would fly through the air. You couldn't believe the speed of that fire. The sun was the weirdest color orange I've ever seen. It kinda looked like it was gonna burn out."

Within minutes, the Mannings lost their home, barn, chicken coop, pigpen, and corrals. But the biggest heartbreak for Paul came with the death of his beloved friend Smokey. Paul had been raising Rocky Mountain timber wolves on his twelve-acre spread. Though he was able to rescue two pregnant females, his prize wolf, raised from a pup and bottle-fed, was "so spooked by the flames I had to shoot him." As Paul recalls Smokey lying crumpled in a black pool of blood, his voice begins to crack. "He was a big, gentle ol' boy. There was nothing else I could do."

In the days to follow, an eerie silence settled over the subdivision as residents departed with what remained of their belongings. Some stayed with relatives or friends. Others, like the Mannings, rented a house in Roundup until they could return months later with new mobile homes. Paul says the area will never be the same for him and his neighbors. "A lot of 'em are just pickin' up and leaving till spring because of what it's done to the land and because of the financial situation."

Before the coming of ranching and farming to Montana, a fire such as this might never have happened. Steve Charter can remember pictures of his family's homestead when the hills were less heavily wooded. He and others speculate that the Indians who lived here before the ranchers, in all probability, intentionally torched the land often enough to prevent the accumulation of the huge supply of dry fuel that gathers in the woods of today. The Indians burned the land both to drive the animals they hunted and to improve the grazing quality of the land that burned. Most ranchers say that the fire, in the long run, will improve the land. But, adds Linda Roen, "We sometimes wonder how we're going to get from where we are now to better times and better grass ahead."

FOR THE HOMESTEADERS WHO FIRST SETTLED MONTANA, fire (once the regular Indian fires were stopped) became the great enemy. In 1910 lightning sparked the "Big Burn," a galloping inferno that claimed the lives of eighty-five people and destroyed three million acres of forest in Idaho and Montana. In 1949 thirteen smoke jumpers lost their lives in the Mann Gulch blaze when they parachuted into the fire near the Gates of the Mountains. The incident provided the story line for the movie *Red Skies of Montana* in 1952.

Some Montanans liken last year's fire to the Mann Gulch blaze. As 5,000 fire fighters from all over the West hacked out fire lines to control the flames, air tankers dropped fertilizer retardants on the forests below. The fertilizer, a rust-colored chemical, inhibits combustion, reduces heat, and stimulates new growth. "It's beneficial to the soil," says Troy Kurth of the U.S. Forest Service. "It adds nitrogen to the soil and gives a greener look."

The fire crews worked around the clock, setting up one of their headquarters at Carl Eliasson's ranch in the Bull Mountains. Built on the edge of disaster, the tent city sprawled over the Eliasson's cow pastures. As weary, soot-covered men and women attempted to rest or to bathe in the nearby creek, helicopters landed in the meadows and ferried other crews to hot spots. The Eliasson's ranch was spared by the blaze, which came within a few miles, but Evelyn Eliasson looks around her and assesses the devastation. "It's heartbreaking, it's just like a graveyard," says the sixty-one-year-old ranch wife. "It

"It was a terrible sight, moving faster than a man could run."

PHOTO BY TOM PEW

Blackened earth and dead saplings presented a macabre scene after fire swept through the Bull Mountains. Though forestry experts say that in the long run the results of the fire will benefit the land, the present outlook is discouraging. Burnt-out pastures do not grow grass for hungry cattle, and denuded hillsides are subject to erosion. Our map gives convincing evidence that the state of Montana was "literally on fire" in August 1984.

DRAWN BY JOHN POTTER, BILLINGS GAZETTE

Montana Forest Fires, August 1984

won't ever be the same in our lifetime—maybe in our grandchildren's."

People often forget that fire performs a natural cleansing act in the forests and on the range. "In our brittle environment, it's better to let Nature take its course," says emergency specialist Jan Henry. "Ten years from now, people will say they're glad it happened." Cleared of diseased and dying timber, the forests will allow sunlight to penetrate to the ground, stimulating the growth of shrubs and grasses. This helps prevent erosion while the trees grow back, and as the Indians learned, also attracts more browsing wildlife.

Forest Service experts say that the first new trees to emerge will be lodgepole pines, whose seed cones have been popped open by the fire. Regeneration of the forests could take more than a century. Loggers will mark those trees that are salvageable for lumber. They will leave some standing as roosts for owls and wild turkeys and as nests for squirrels. The grasses, fed by nutrients in the surrounding ashes, will become better food for livestock. "In a few years, it's gonna be pretty in a different way," Jeannie Charter says about the range. "The area will look a lot more like the old pictures of the place from the 1800s."

As winter settled over the prairie, casting a white veil over the charred skeletons of the trees, the ranchers of the Bull Mountains put their losses behind them and looked to the future. Some sold their cattle to make it through the winter. Others leased pastures as far away as South Dakota and Wyoming. Sensing the time of need, a group of Mennonite farmers traveled from ranch to ranch, sinking fence posts for widows and those hardest hit. They had set aside their plows and traveled all the way from Wolf Point in the northeastern corner of Montana.

"It's surprising how the people have come out to help," says Darryld Kautzmann, agricultural agent for Musselshell County. "The sense of community is overwhelming." Age-old squabbles between ranchers were put to rest. Free donations of hay came from complete strangers. The Stillwater Stock Growers Association offered to "winter" cows at a reasonable cost one hundred miles away. Bankers joined ranchers in raising money to repair hundreds of miles of damaged fences, a labor that can cost up to $3,000 a mile.

In the spring, a wet winter willing, the Charters will buy new cows and graze them on undamaged pastures. The Mannings will settle into their new mobile home and raise wolf pups. The Roens will rebuild their homestead and begin anew. "People tend to see this as more of a disaster than it is," says Jeannie Charter. "This kind of thing doesn't destroy people, it makes 'em strong." Linda Roen knows. "You always hope that in the spring, calf prices will be better, the grass will be greener, and the weather will be a little kinder," she says. "You gotta start over and count your blessings and hope for the best. "This is kind of next-year country, anyway."

Carol Ann Bassett *is a Tucson freelance writer and a regular contributor to* The New York Times. *Her work has also appeared in numerous other publications. Her story and photographs on Basque sheepherders ran in* AMERICAN WEST, *May/June 1983.*

"This thing doesn't destroy people, it just makes 'em strong."

PHOTOS ON THESE TWO PAGES BY TOM PEW

(Clockwise beginning at top left) *On the Charter place, new posts and barbed wire are ready for the replacement of almost twenty miles of burnt fences. Cliff Roen checks records as he prepares new ear tags for his cattle. Young son Matt is ready to help with the punch. At their temporary home in Roundup, Paul Manning and son Kent hold a photograph of Smokey, their pet Rocky Mountain timber wolf who died as a result of the fire. All that was left of the Roens' house was the chimney and foundation. Demonstrating the same resilient spirit as the people of the area, this small green sprout pushed up through burnt bark within two weeks after the fire in the Bull Mountains. Steve Charter holds his son Ressa, named after the best cowboy that the family knew. On this same basis, Charter and his father and grandfather received their first names.*

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Painting the New American West

The vision of twentieth-century artists

by Patricia Janis Broder

*Childe Hassam. **The Silver Veil and the Golden Gate**, 1914. Oil on canvas, 29⅝ x 31⅝ inches.*
Courtesy Valparaiso University Art Galleries and Collections, Valparaiso, Indiana. Sloan Collection. Sloan Fund Purchase.

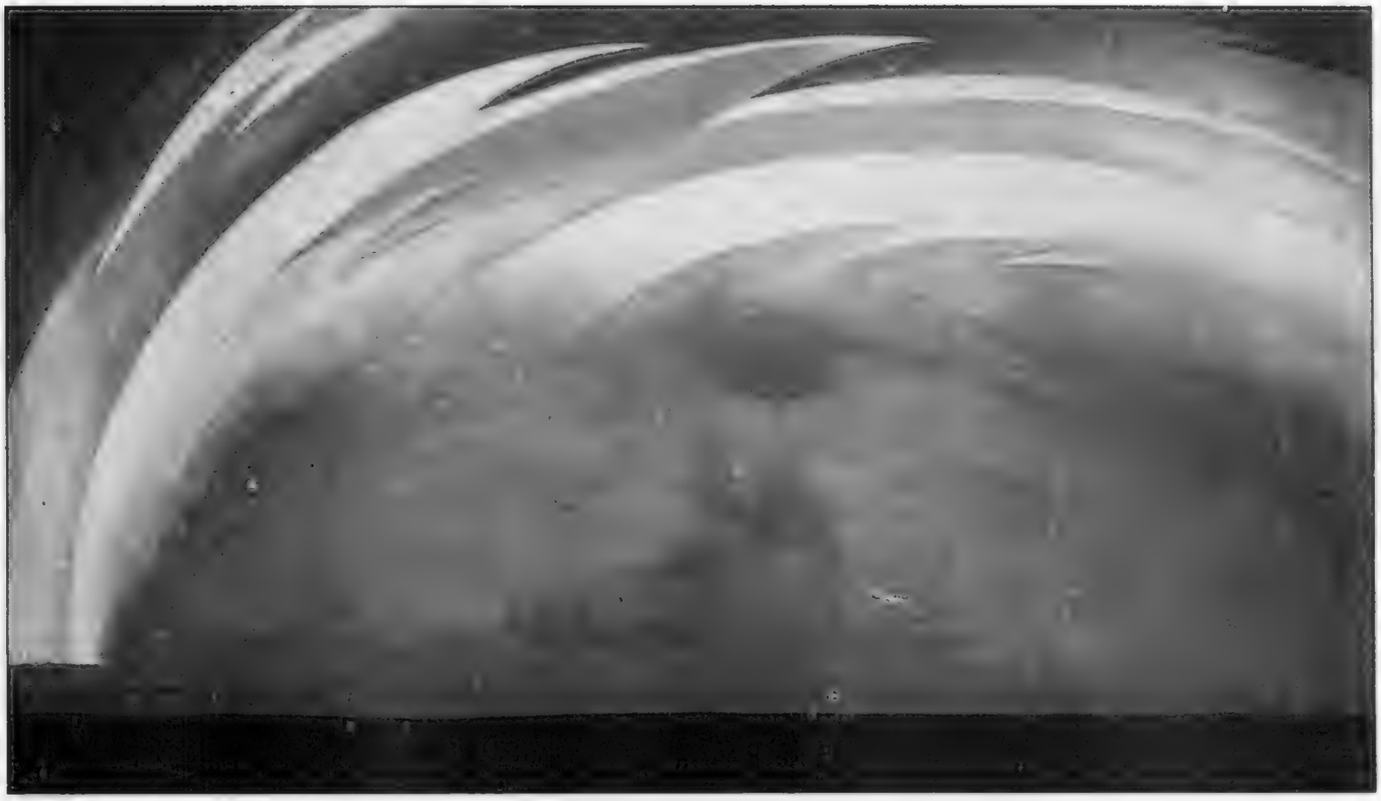
(Opposite) *Georgia O'Keeffe.* ***From the Plains I,*** *1953. Oil on canvas, 47 11/16 x 83 5/8 inches.*
Courtesy Marion Koogler McNay Art Museum, San Antonio, Texas. Gift of the Estate of Tom Slick.

(Above) *Stuart Davis.* ***Pajarito,*** *circa 1923. Oil on canvas, 22 x 36 inches.*
Courtesy Mr. and Mrs. Gerald P. Peters, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

IT HAS BEEN A LONG-STANDING TRADITION TO IDEALIZE AND romanticize the American West. In the twentieth century, however, the American West is neither a paradisiacal Eden nor a wilderness to be conquered and given the gift of civilization. The cowboy who rode the open range vanished almost a century ago, and the Indian is not the last of his race. Nevertheless, there is a strong temptation to retain these and other fantasies rather than face the reality of the twentieth-century West: towns and cities with large ethnic populations, highways, railroads, jetports, industrial complexes, and tourist attractions. The West is part of contemporary America and has changed with the rest of the country.

Fortunately, many American artists have accepted the challenge to paint a land and culture in transition. They include a number of this country's best-known painters—Robert Henri, John Sloan, George Bellows, Edward Hopper, Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, Georgia O'Keeffe, and John Marin among them. Their work represents a vital part of our nation's artistic heritage, but with the exception of the paintings of Georgia O'Keeffe, the modern vision of the West has been until now virtually ignored.

To celebrate the modern vision is not to question the importance of the artistic heritage inspired by the historic West, for these historical paintings are surely among our most valuable cultural treasures. The art of the old West is fundamentally a narrative art. The expeditionary artists recorded images of the



(Right) *T. C. Cannon.* ***When It's Peach Pickin' Time in Georgia, It's Apple Pickin' Time at the B.I.A.,*** *1971. Acrylic on canvas, 49½ x 38 inches.*
Courtesy the United States Department of the Interior, Indian Arts and Crafts Board, Southern Plains Indian Museum and Crafts Center, Anadarko, Oklahoma.

land and the people in the years before westward expansion transformed life in the Great Plains, the Southwest Desert, and the Rocky Mountains. Subsequent generations of artists followed this documentary tradition, painting the land and the life of its inhabitants—scenes of pioneer life, the Indian wars and the changes in Indian life that resulted, the great cattle ranches, and the hardships of travel by stagecoach, wagon train, and freighter. They recorded the likenesses of Indians, frontiersmen, and military leaders, and they celebrated the folk heroes of the Old West—the outlaws and vigilantes, the solitary cowboy, and the heroic bronco buster.

During the nineteenth century this blend of specific images and cultural ideals evolved with the changes in the trans-Mississippi West, but by the second quarter of the twentieth century it had hardened into a series of stereotypes. The mythology of the West is elaborate and often contradictory, but contradictory or not, it determines the basic subject matter of traditional Western art: the land, the cowboy, and the Indian.

The land of the West has been viewed as a wilderness to be conquered and ordered by a civilized people—the land of America's Manifest Destiny—and as a wilderness that offers the possibility of moral and spiritual redemption. Images of the West, of either the Eden of the past—a paradise lost—or the millennium—the paradise of the future—have an almost sacred meaning to the American people. For those who cherish the image of a paradisiacal West, the purity of the image must

(Opposite) *Robert Henri.* ***Water Eagle,*** *circa 1914. Oil on canvas, 41½ x 32¾ inches.*
Courtesy Mr. and Mrs. Gerald P. Peters, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

(Above) *Marsden Hartley.* ***New Mexico Recollections #6,*** *1922. Oil, 26 x 36½ inches.*
Courtesy Mr. and Mrs. W.D. Harmsen, Denver, Colorado.

not be marred by the content or style of a painting; there must not be a highway across the plain or a factory in the foothills.

The cowboy, like the land, is a primary symbol. He is the ultimate romantic hero, the man of nature whose way of life was doomed to destruction by the settling of the West. The encroachment of farm settlements and the use of barbed wire brought an end to the open range and relegated the celebrated trail drives to history. But for over a century the myth of the cowboy has survived, celebrating him as an introspective individual, isolated from the mainstream of commercial life. He is also portrayed as a jovial, fun-loving companion, fierce and competitive, yet eager to enjoy the pleasures of an occasional outing in a frontier town. The contemporary rodeo cowboy embodies the spirit of independence of America's pioneer stock.

The Indian is the most stereotyped of all Western subjects. He has been portrayed as a fierce savage, a threat to civilization, and as nature's nobleman, a child of the wilderness who knows the secrets of living in harmony with nature. Even today, countless traditional paintings of the American Indian testify that in special parts of the West the Indian world remains virtually unchanged.

The land itself, the Indian, the cowboy—all that is sacred to Western art—are threatened by the passage of time, and so traditional painters focus on the past or on isolated areas of the present that are seemingly timeless. These artists avoid all re-

(Right) *Dorothy E. Brett.* ***The First Born,*** *1937. Oil, 59 x 24 inches.*
Courtesy Collection of the Museum of Fine Arts, Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe.

(Opposite) *Marsden Hartley,* ***Indian Fantasy,*** *1914. Oil on canvas, 47 x 39½ inches.*
Courtesy North Carolina Museum of Art, Raleigh.

ference to change and to the modern world.

The concept of *modern* Western art is offensive to both the Eastern and Western art establishments. From coast to coast American critics and collectors cherish their images of the West as a world apart. To both Easterner and Westerner, the ideal world of Western art offers an escape; there is a need to retain the West as a special paradise, a paradise where the industrial city of the twentieth century has no place.

IT IS IRONIC THAT TODAY'S WIDESPREAD INTEREST IN THE ART of the American West owes a debt to the direction taken by the mainstream of contemporary art. Until the 1960s the majority of critics, collectors, and museums across the United States rejected most representational art as illustration. However, the critical acceptance of Pop Art and Photo-Realism has legitimized realism in American art and has led at the same time to a reappraisal of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century painting and of the art of the American West. Today the works of Alfred Jacob Miller, Thomas Moran, Albert Bierstadt, Frederic Remington, Charles Russell, Henry Farny, Ernest Blumenschein, Joseph Henry Sharp, and Walter Ufer, among others, are sought after and proudly displayed in museums and collections throughout the United States.

Despite this renewed interest in traditional works celebrating the unique heritage and beauty of the American West, paintings that reject this idealized concept, either in style or

in subject matter, continue to be slighted by the art establishment. For contemporary critics, the West is still a world apart. Twentieth-century realist paintings treating Western subjects are dismissed as provincial, regional, and sentimental. Such works, even if by major figures, are considered of minimal value.

The most vital of these paintings have two basic sets of roots—the realist vision and the modernist vision. The realist vision was heralded by Robert Henri, who established a new tradition that turned away from stereotypes and idealized images celebrating the past and focused instead on the present. In the West, as in the East, Henri and his disciples painted private lives lived in public and explored the relationship between individuals and their environment. The first decades of the twentieth century were a period of great social change, a time of class consciousness with a focus on the human rather than on the heroic. The changes in the West were not to be ignored. Henri and his followers were interested in people of all ethnic origins and all social classes, particularly the lower class. The paintings they made in the West, like those done in the East, represented a meeting of life and art.

The first "modern" paintings of the American West came directly out of developments in modern European art during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Although a number of American artists had studied in Europe during the first decade of the twentieth century, it was the New York gal-

Milton Avery. ***Oregon Coast,*** *1947. Oil on canvas, 36 x 46 inches.*
Courtesy Michael Rea, New York, New York.

lery of Alfred Stieglitz and the Armory Show of 1913 that introduced American artists and audiences alike to European avant-garde art. Stieglitz was the greatest single influence on the modernist tradition in the New World, transforming both American art and American taste. Influenced by European modernism, many artists responded to the challenge to analyze, invent, and record images of the American West in new ways. A new freedom of line, mass, color, and light enabled these artists to reinterpret the West. Its energy and dynamism, rather than its picturesqueness and beauty, became the focus of the modernists. Here was both a visual and conceptual revolution, a new expression of primary American images, yet one that went virtually unnoticed.

The American West has changed with the rest of the world, and these changes are integral to the art of the West. To reject either the realist or the modernist vision is to close our eyes to the past century and make believe we are still in a world where buffalo roam the Great Plains, Custer has just fallen, and cowboys drive cattle to the railheads to be shipped to market.

Today the West remains a primary American symbol; but rather than symbolizing the past or the lost Eden, to many artists it represents the vitality of the future, the cultural diversity, and the energy and power of the American land. Heroic paintings of this world may nurture the soul, but the modern vision of the West has the power to stimulate the mind.

This article is excerpted from The American West: The Modern Vision *by* **Patricia Janis Broder,** *published by New York Graphic Society Books, Boston, 1984.*

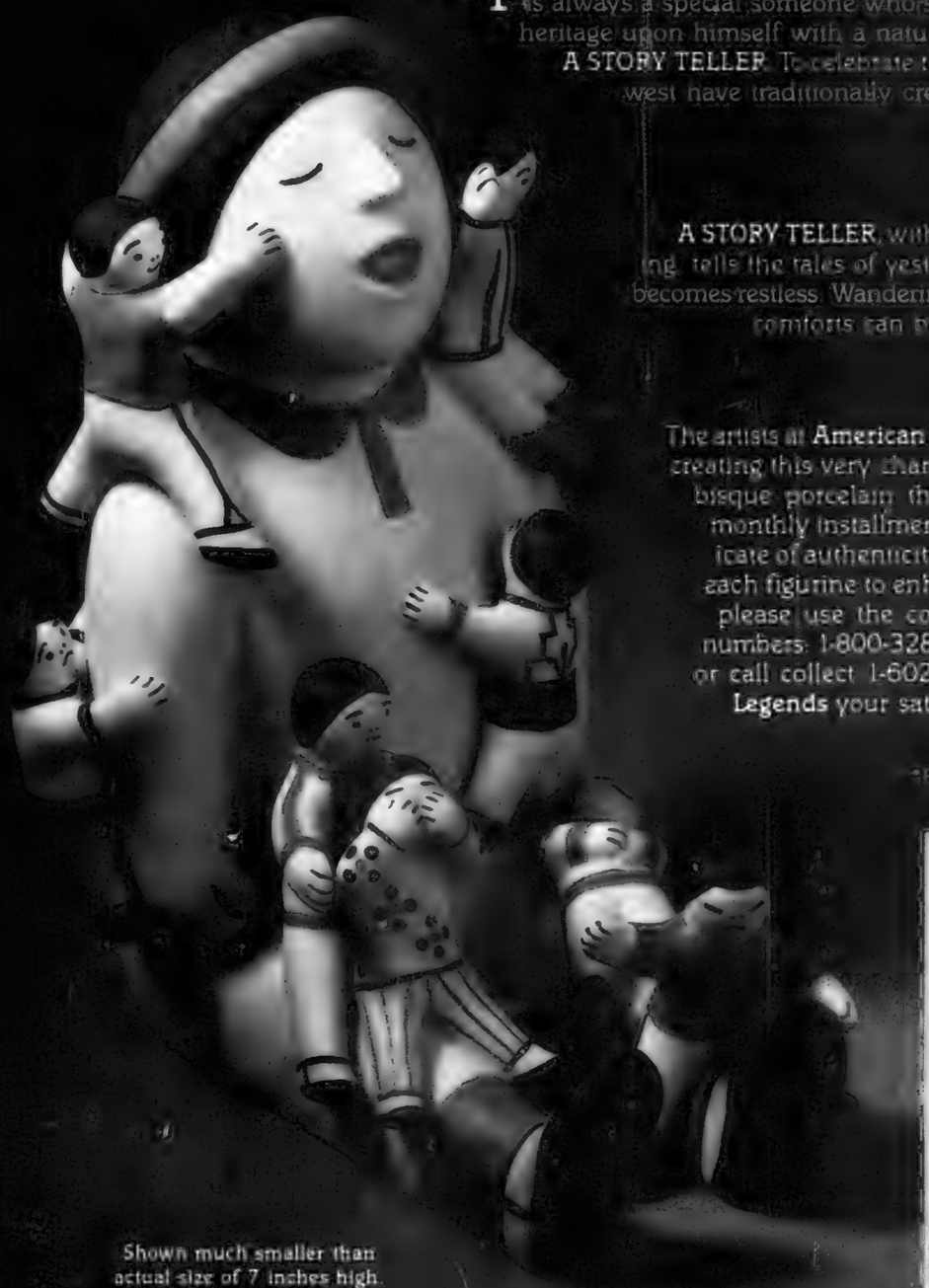
American Indian life and legends

the specialist in art portraying native americans

PRESENTS

A · STORY · TELLER

For any culture the passing of its history is unsurpassed in importance. There is always a special someone who seems to take the fervent recounting of this heritage upon himself with a natural zest. This someone becomes known as A STORY TELLER. To celebrate this person, the pueblo Indians of the Southwest have traditionally created a likeness with the material they are most familiar, the clay of Mother Earth.



A STORY TELLER, with eyes closed in deep and mystical remembering, tells the tales of yesteryear. As the tales lengthen, the audience becomes restless. Wandering stares, crying or sleepy eyes, and other discomforts can be seen on the faces of Grandpa's audience.

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Photographic art by Jerry Jacka

GRAND PRIZE

The long, low rays of a Wyoming sundown bring this buckaroo's shadow to the wall behind him, while the sun's last warm light plays across the trail-scarred chaps and ruby-studded buckle of his belt. Tad Cheyenne Schutt of Las Vegas, Nevada, used that light to capture a magnificent mixture of objects, textures, shapes, and lines that together evoke a sense of the rugged West: horsehair rope gripped with a knowing hand (you can almost feel the prickle of its firmly twisted length); leather, smooth and tough in places, distressed and yielding in others; soft shadows and sharp contrasts. This photograph—with its synergism of abstracted elements—possesses in its individualism and strength, qualities of the West we celebrate.

As Grand Prize Winner, Tad Cheyenne Schutt will receive an all-expense-paid trip for two next summer to Durango, Colorado, a charming, historic town located on the western slope of the San Juan Mountains. The Strater Hotel—once host to railroaders and millionaires of the silver boom era—will welcome Ms. Schutt and her guest for a four-day, three-night stay in its elegant, Victorian quarters. During their visit they may ride the restored Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad as it steams its way along the Animas River. They may tour nearby Mesa Verde National Park, live it up at the Bar D Chuckwagon barbecue, and take in a Western melodrama at the Strater's Circle Theatre.

The Winners

AMERICAN WEST's 1984 Photo Contest

One of the greatest fears a magazine can have is that it hold a competition and no contestants appear for the run. Our 1984 Photo Contest gave us a few cliff-hanging moments in this respect, as the deadline approached and our mail sacks still produced only a thin trickle of entries. Then, just a few weeks before our September 15 deadline, a flood of photographs arrived. Readers from Oregon to New Jersey sent nearly a thousand prints of many endearing and compelling aspects of the West—the majestic land from Missouri to British Columbia and the people who live and work there, young and old.

We were delighted to find old friends from last year's Photo Contest as well as many new acquaintances. We were equally happy to see that the overall quality of the entries was remarkably high, although this made the final selection of winners difficult. While the vast majority of entrants concentrated on our Western wilderness and rural scenes (including so many barns and sunsets that one would have thought they had a category of their own), our Photo Contest photographers also sent in many personal perspectives on the West. They used both innovative and traditional techniques.

Without any specific intention to point out this diversity of submissions, our judges—editorial and art staff of AMERICAN WEST and Lawrence Fong, Registrar at the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson—selected as winners photographs in five distinctive styles, from a near painterly impressionism to an almost conceptual, abstracted aesthetic—some in color, some in black and white. What these photographs share is their obvious enjoyment of the West and a spontaneity behind the capturing of a moment. Almost unanimously the winning photographers cited the serendipity of discovering and photographing some unique or fascinating scene, individual, or object. Each took advantage of the moment, captured his inspiration on film, and shared it with us at AMERICAN WEST. We in turn would like to share them with you. We think these prize-winning photos speak proudly of the West and we are proud to publish them here.

Following is a list of those photographers whose prints were selected for Honorable Mention, along with the titles and categories of those prints: Barry T. Bruce of Oakland, California, for "Rows" (Land); Byron Conrad of Reno, Nevada, for "The Doll House, Canyonlands National Park" (Land); Dale Graham of Fayette, Missouri, for "Sunrise and Fog on Breakneck Canyon" (Land); Norbert L. Pruisner of Loretto, Montana, for "The Suicide Event" (People); and Robert Rozinski of Denver, Colorado, for "Cheyenne Frontier Days" (People).

We heartily thank everyone who sent in photographs for our contest. We will be looking forward to more stunning Western photographs in AMERICAN WEST's 1985 competition.

FIRST PRIZE: "THE LAND"

Recalling the role of the cattle industry in the West, or perhaps an innate respect for the overbearing power of a desert sun, this giant skull, like a popular idol, invites travelers into a roadside restaurant for home-cooked meals. Byron Conrad of Reno, Nevada, found this extraordinary, kitschy ox skull somewhere along U.S. Highway 287 in northwest Wyoming while on a summer tour of the West. With standard tri-X film, Conrad used a century-old, nonsilver-printing process similar to that used in blueprinting. The cyanotype, which has lately seen some fresh interest in the photographic arts community, makes use of a light-sensitized paper that can be developed by the sun. In this case, gum arabic is the binder in the emulsion.

FIRST PRIZE: "THE PEOPLE"

A small dark group of kine press on before the herd, as ranchhands drive their charges from high, summer grazing grounds to their home ranch near Gerlach, Nevada. Doyen Salsig of Flagstaff, Arizona, chanced upon this striking scene while driving down Nevada State Highway 447. A nearly three-dimensional effect accentuates the strong forms of the foremost cows and calves, while the rest of the herd and cowboys alike fade poetically into the dust-laden air behind.

SECOND PRIZE: "THE LAND"

An overcast sky helped create the soft quality, the pastoral quietude in this scene. Heading toward the foothills of the Buttes in Sutter County, California, on a road that the roll of the land has cut into visual rafts, wranglers ride amid a sea of grasses. Trailing behind, Frank Mazzarino of Paradise, California, caught this inviting picture.

SECOND PRIZE: "THE PEOPLE"

An old hermit goatherd, his four dogs, one cat, and unseen, uncounted goats along the railroad tracks—these figures seem to be the stuff of a mountain fairy tale, a fragment of untold Western lore. The scene evokes in us a childlike wonder at a poignant, surrealistic scene—a German shepherd's tentatively positioned paw, the direct eye confrontation of half the group, the casual distinterest of the others, and the sharp focus on man and his loyal animals against the soft landscape and empty sky—but the photographic medium asks us to believe this enchanting scene. Robert Rozinski of Denver took this unusual photograph near Hotchkiss, Colorado.

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

Baby Peggy and Indian Chiefs in Hollywood

Child star greets Arapahos of *Covered Wagon* fame

by Diana Serra Cary

Captivated by Arapaho Indians who visited Hollywood in 1923, pint-sized child star Baby Peggy poses with the stately, feather-clad Broken Horn and his wife, Lizzie.

ON A SUNNY APRIL MORNING IN 1923 MY FATHER informed me that we were going to visit an encampment of Arapaho Indians who had recently set up their tipis in a semiwilderness region just off the winding dirt road that led over the Cahuenga Pass between Hollywood and the sparsely settled farmlands of San Fernando Valley.

Another child of four might have been surprised at the prospect of visiting real Indians, but I was already a veteran of bizarre experiences. As the child star Baby Peggy, I had started my film career when I was only nineteen months old. I had worked routinely with elephants and lions, ridden my own horse, done my own stunts, and co-starred with Brownie the Wonder Dog and a comic chimpanzee named Joe Martin.

After 150 two-reel comedies and three feature films, I understandably accepted the prospect of a day-long photo session with Indians as just another day's work. I also approached the chore with a mixture of unquestioning obedience to my father, a deeply ingrained sense of obligation to my profession, and the carefully concealed boredom of an ordinary four-year-old girl who was hoping she might get home before it was too dark to play with her dog.

But what happened that day at Cahuenga Pass proved to be not just another round of publicity stills to promote an epic film. A rare page of Hollywood history that has remained virtually unknown to all but a handful of people, the visit made an enduring impression on me. It planted the very first seeds of a lifelong interest in Indian lore and Western Americana that led directly to the writing career I have pursued as an adult.

The reason for the Indians' presence in so unlikely a setting as Cahuenga Pass was a friendship that reached back several years, a friendship between Colonel Tim McCoy and the chief of the band, Goes in Lodge. Tim McCoy, only twenty-six at the time, was already Adjutant General of the State of Wyoming, fluent in Indian sign language, and conversant with the Arapaho tongue. He had become a personal friend of the Wind River Reservation Arapahos in his state. When Famous Players–Lasky Company needed Indians as important extras in their proposed Western epic *The Covered Wagon*, they contacted McCoy. Trusting in their longtime friend, Goes in Lodge and his people followed McCoy from their Wyoming reservation to Milford, Utah, where the film was being shot.

That was in the summer of 1922. Now in the spring of 1923 *The Covered Wagon* was premiering at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. Sid Grauman, famed for his colorful stage prologues that appeared immediately before the feature films were screened, now demanded "the same real, live Indians" for his prologue as had appeared on location in Utah. Once more Tim McCoy's friendship proved to be the magic key.

The Indians agreed to come to Hollywood, but only on their own terms. They insisted upon the same living conditions that they were accustomed to. As a consequence, the Arapaho camp at the top of Cahuenga Pass was something to make even a relatively jaded child star of four sit up and take notice.

The place buzzed with activity and a rhythm of movement and speech that was totally foreign to me. Twenty or more cowhide and canvas lodges had been set up in a swale. While the men sat about campfires outside, Indian women were busily engaged in their usual camp chores in front of the various tipis. Some worked at fleshing out hides, bending over stiff steer hides that were pegged, flesh side up, on the ground.

OTHER WOMEN MOVED ABOUT, BRINGING IN FIREWOOD or hanging long strips of raw, red meat on lines stretched between the lodges. My father explained that they were letting nature and the dry sunny air turn the raw beef into jerky. He also explained that the strangely shaped wagons made of metal, parked here and there about the camp, provided drinking water for the forty or more men, women, and children who made up the population. Dogs stalked everywhere, lean, hungry, and quarrelsome. Strings of objects resembling Christmas tree lights were hung willy-nilly between

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

(Left) ***Age kneels before beauty as the Arapaho Left Hand meets spunky Baby Peggy. Her tiny hand nearly lost in his, she beams with delight, undaunted by the warrior's dignified expression.***
(Right) ***Baby Peggy gets into the spirit of things as she follows Arapaho Chief Mike Goggles in a dance. Painted Bear, Yellow Horse, Charlie Whiteman, and Rising Buffalo look on.***

the scattered tipis. Behind the encampment, against a background of sage and scrub-studded hills, a large sign made of white electric light bulbs spelled out "Grauman's *Covered Wagon* Indian Village." No doubt the encampment was the forerunner of California's many Disneyland-like entertainment park attractions.

Fortunately for me my father was no novice in these surroundings. Having run away from his Chicago home as a boy of thirteen and spent the next twelve years on the open range riding for cattle empires from Canada to California, he was at home in the West and among Indians. He was also an old friend of Colonel Tim McCoy, whom he had met when both men were working cowboys in Calgary.

But while McCoy graduated from punching cows to Wyoming state politics, my father became a displaced horseman, driven from the open range by homesteaders and barbed wire, his riding skills mocked by the nation's new obsession with automobiles and airplanes.

By sheer accident, however, father drifted into Hollywood in 1920 seeking any kind of work to support his young wife and two baby girls. There he discovered a one-time saloon called The Waterhole, where former cattlemen from all over the West came together. In nearby movie studios, directors of epics for the silent screen were desperately in need of skilled riders to provide the thrills and spills that enchanted movie audiences of the 1920s. Within a week father found work in films, riding with many of his longtime cowboy friends who had also discovered that Hollywood respected horsemanship—a skill regarded by others as obsolete.

Soon after, and again quite by accident, I was "discovered" by a director, and father was immediately dealt out of his own promising career as double and stunt man for Western film star Tom Mix. Still the cowboys remained his friends, and while father spent his days overseeing my career, his fellow refugees from the vanished open range found work as riding extras in Baby Peggy comedies. As a consequence of this singular set of circumstances, I literally came to consciousness on a studio set, and grew up in the shadow of a band of men who carried the Old West with them—as visible a piece of their working equipment and as indispensible as their horsemanship, Stetsons, chaps, and spurs.

Father and his cowboy friends simply took it for granted that pint-sized Baby Peggy was every bit as cool, daring, and courageous as they were. With such a high premium set on nerve and with stoic disregard for danger and physical pain held up daily as the only virtues worth emulating, naturally I tried manfully to live up to their expectations and win their respect. So, instead of being intimidated by the sight of these bizarre Arapaho warriors and their quilled and beaded wives and children (who spoke no English and considered *me* bizarre), I waded into the exotic environment of the camp with the air of a veteran whose reputation and pride of performance were both at stake.

By this time, too, I had listened to my fair share of cowboy reminiscences and tales of Indian fights, Indian friends, and wagon trains of white settlers being ambushed by "hostiles." What I had not overheard on the set and around the dinner table at home, I had no doubt seen on the screen, for like most movie children I grew up watching the product that I and others like me spent our days turning out. Whatever I knew, it was enough to make me relish a rare and historic experience. The encampment may have been a publicity stunt for Mr. Grauman; for me it was very, very real.

HERE I WAS SHAKING HANDS WITH CHARLIE WHITEman, a grey-haired old Indian who was not an Indian at all but a white man who had been captured by hostiles as a child in a wagon train going West. Here I was standing next to a mahogany brown old lady in buckskins and beads who was named Lizzie Broken Horn. She too, Tim McCoy explained, had once been white—Scotch or German from

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

what he had gathered—when captured by Cheyenne Dog Soldiers as a little girl back in 1865.

Then, off by myself, away from my father for a brief moment, I met Left Hand, a grizzled old warrior who spoke some English. He told me he had been a lad at the time of the Custer Massacre but was one of a handful of Arapahos who joined the Sioux and Cheyennes at the Little Big Horn. The very blue jacket that he wore, a cavalryman's coat with sergeant's stripes, he had taken from the body of the white soldier he had killed in that battle.

Finally, I was sitting in the lap of a noble-looking old Indian who might have been the model for the profile on the nickel of the day. This was Goes in Lodge himself, chief of the band. He had earned his name, he explained, because as a youth he had been bold enough to slip inside an Indian enemy's lodge where five of his foe lay sleeping, killing and scalping them silently with his knife, without rousing a soul in that Indian camp.

It was this man, too, who told me softly that he was going to make me an Arapaho. I hadn't the faintest notion what he meant or how he would do it. But when he drew a long skinning knife from under his red velvet robe, I shot my father the same anxious glance I reserved for unexpected, threatening situations on the set that called for something beyond the ordinary measure of discipline and self-possession.

"He's going to cut your finger," father told me quietly, as though this sort of thing happened to every four-year-old girl. "But it isn't going to hurt at all." That was his standard phrase whenever I was confronted by a hazardous situation at work. Trustingly, but with inner apprehension, I allowed the chief to take my small, white hand in his dark and calloused one. His lips did not move but his deep-set, raisin-black eyes seemed to smile as he pricked his own forefinger until it gushed red blood; then, deftly and almost without causing pain, he cut the tip of my right forefinger. Holding our two wounds firmly together with his left hand, he murmured slowly: "Our blood mixes. I name you 'Face in Cloud'. You are now a true daughter of 'The People'. You are Arapaho."

In later years when I spoke of that moving ceremony to my father he shrugged it off as merely "Indian custom." The stills taken that day to publicize *The Covered Wagon* seemed pointless to him, but for me they kept the haunting memory fresh and sharp. The experience remained a mystic one, of profound spiritual importance, especially to a child who was raised without a formal religion of any kind.

When I turned ten years old I was "retired" to a 1,500-acre ranch near Laramie, Wyoming, which my father bought with my earnings and where I would ride out those "in-between" adolescent years when a child star has no marketable value. It proved an invaluable incubation period for the historian I was already determined to become. For there I discovered that our ranch lay in the heart of Arapaho country. Their flint arrowheads virtually littered the forests and prairies, as well as the

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

Baby Peggy hams it up, "making like an Indian," her coy pose contrasting with the solemn gaze of the shy little daughter of Arapaho leader Night Horse.

grounds around the one-room schoolhouse I attended. That too was a historic site, for the weathered log-and-wattle structure had served children on the Overland Trail in the 1870s and 1880s.

EVERY BOOK ABOUT INDIANS, ESPECIALLY ARAPAHOS, that came to my hand in those three years in Wyoming was like a torch set to firewood already stacked and tinder-dry, ready to burst into flames. By the time I was twelve I was widely read in Indian lore. Indeed I had become something of an authority on the Battle of the Little Big Horn, always remembering my brief exchange with Left Hand.

Most of all I grew up convinced that somehow I really *was* an Arapaho. I read Indian history from the inside out, decades before it was considered academically chic to adopt the red man's viewpoint of the American West. In Hollywood, everything was make-believe (a fact I knew almost before I was old enough to talk). Visiting the encampment of Goes in Lodge's Arapahos from the Wind River Reservation was a uniquely *genuine* experience. It was also the first formative event that attracted me to the study of Western Americana.

In the bicentennial year of 1976, history would add a fascinating footnote to that April day in 1923. As a published author, Western historian, and panelist attending a conference on seventy-five years of Western films being held in Sun Valley, Idaho, I found that I was on the same panel as Tim McCoy. It was the first time we had met in fifty-three years and my first opportunity to verify my recollections of the Arapaho encampment with someone who had actually been there and knew the Indians well.

"Whenever I repeated the story of my conversation with Left Hand, my parents insisted I had made it up out of an overactive, childish imagination," I told the white-Stetsoned McCoy, who at eighty-two was still ramrod straight, handsome, and every inch the dashing Western star.

After I repeated Left Hand's story word-for-word as I remembered it, McCoy assured me that my memory was absolutely accurate.

> But there is one interesting aside [he added], something that makes your encounter even more remarkable. You see, Left Hand was so proud of his role in the Little Big Horn Battle, he refused ever to be seen without that cavalryman's coat. But by the time we left the Cahuenga Pass encampment for London to appear with *The Covered Wagon*, he came to me in great distress. It seems his historic jacket was literally falling apart with age. I convinced him that it was all right to replace it with an identical copy, but one that was new. Over the years, for the rest of the old man's life, I renewed that jacket for him when each successive one wore out.

D'Arcy Miller, McCoy's eldest son, who accompanied his father to the Sun Valley Film Conference, added a wry touch to our recollections of that day. When D'Arcy was still a little boy his father showed him photos of the Arapaho encampment, photos that included, of course, four-year-old Baby Peggy posing with various fierce-looking warriors. After studying the stills a long time the child turned to his father with a worried expression and asked, "Did the Indians ever let that little, white, captive girl go?"

I assured the grown-up D'Arcy that they never had.

Following a childhood career as Baby Peggy in films, **Diana Serra Cary** *turned to writing, specializing in historical aspects of the Western United States and Mexico. She has written numerous articles for major national publications, and is the author of two books on early Hollywood:* The Hollywood Posse: The Story of a Gallant Band of Men Who Made Movie History (1975), *and* Hollywood's Children: An Inside Account of the Child Star Era (1979).

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Albert of Monaco hunts with Buffalo Bill

The Prince Who Would Be

by Hélène R. Day

PRINCE ALBERT I RULED OVER MONACO, A SMALL PRINCIpality on the Mediterranean coast near the French-Italian border, between 1889 and 1922. He was the first of the long lineage of the Grimaldi to travel to America, where he visited for the first time in 1868 while still the Hereditary Prince. He returned in 1913 for a hunting trip in Wyoming with Colonel William F. Cody, the legendary Buffalo Bill. In 1921, a few months before his death, Prince Albert went to Washington to receive the Agassiz gold medal awarded to him by the National Academy of Sciences, crowning his career as oceanographer, scientist, and explorer.

Albert I was a man of multiple interests ranging from sea explorations to prehistoric research, meteorological experiments, involvement in the early development of aviation, and innumerable other areas. At home, he was a builder and an innovative modernizer. This ardor for activities included a liking for hunting, which the Prince saw as a challenge, a sport, and a way to relax.

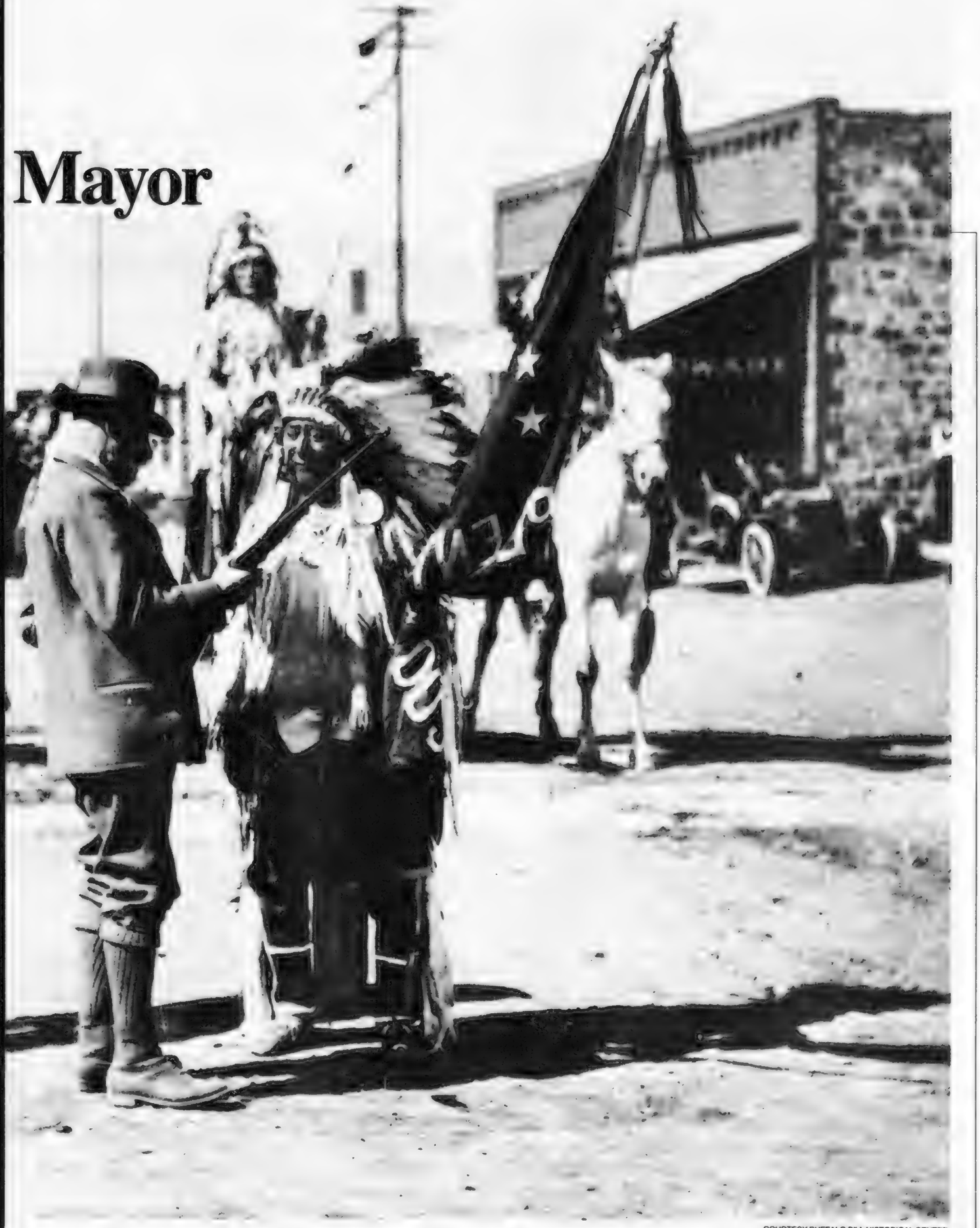
The purpose of the Prince's informal visit to America in 1913 was two-fold, to provide an opportunity to inspect some Wyoming oil land in which he had interests and to bag some big game. Albert's chances to add to his trophy collection was doubted by another great huntsman, former President Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote: "I am afraid that there is small chance of his doing well with big game in the United States. It is not now a big game country. . . . For bears, he should go to Alaska."

From Wyoming, Colonel Cody sent a welcoming letter to the Prince, speaking of "Camp Monaco" in the Rockies, a location chosen for the coming hunting adventure. Buffalo Bill added this encouragement: "I am praying for you to get a bear and elk. Yours faithfully [signed] W. F. Cody. Shoot first and don't miss."

Prince Albert crossed the Atlantic on his yacht *Hirondelle* II, stopping for a surveying cruise near the Azores and then by the grand banks of Newfoundland. After a brief visit with Alexander Graham Bell at the latter's Canadian estate, the Prince arrived in New York harbor on September 9, 1913. He spent several days in the City purchasing equipment for his Wyoming venture, where, he said, he hoped "to have some shooting and possibly kill a grizzly or two." With several persons from his party, the Prince boarded a train at Pennsylvania

This time Buffalo Bill played to European royalty in his own Wild West. Under Colonel Cody's friendly eye, Prince Albert I of Monaco exchanged gifts with Chief Plenty Coups of the Crow nation in Cody, Wyoming, 1913.

Mayor



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Around their campfire in the Wyoming wilderness, Buffalo Bill entertained the Prince and his party with tales of the Wild West. This impassive group must be responding to a hard day in the saddle rather than to the Colonel's stories.

COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

station for a three-day journey to the American West, arriving on September 15 at Cody, a small town in northwestern Wyoming at an elevation of about 5,250 feet, on a spur of the Rocky Mountains.

The Prince reached Cody the day before the annual county fair. He liked his reception so well that instead of going directly to the ranch of the painter, Abraham Archibald Anderson, who was to be his host, he decided to spend several days in Cody. The next morning Prince Albert formally opened the county fair and seemed to enjoy Cody's frontier celebration. During the festivities Buffalo Bill presented Chief Plenty Coups to the Prince. Plenty Coups was Chief of the Crow nation and the leader of a band of thirty Crow Indians invited to the celebration to honor the Prince. An exchange of gifts was made, Prince Albert giving Plenty Coups "a handsome rifle, engraved with his own name and that of the Chief," and the Chief giving the Prince "a beautiful souvenir of Indian workmanship in the form of a girdle and pouch."

The press reports described the mutual pleasure of the Prince and the inhabitants of Cody at this visit from "the first reigning sovereign from Europe who had ever visited America." The Prince enjoyed the parade and its "gaily dressed Indians" in their war paint, cowboys and girls in Western attire, the band's martial music, the horse races, the Indian dances, and the fancy roping of Carlo Miles, a trick rider with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. Prince Albert especially enjoyed the sham stage holdup, with Indians attacking a stage coach and cowboys defending it. During dinner that evening Buffalo Bill entertained his royal guest with tales of the Sioux wars and of the settlement of the white man in the Indians' territory.

THE *DENVER POST* OF SEPTEMBER 17, 1913, DESCRIBED Albert's pleasure at the festivities, saying, "Prince Albert . . . has fallen in love with the town of Cody and with Wyoming." They headlined the article, "Monaco's Prince Says He'd Like to Be Mayor of Cody if He Didn't Have Job Ruling Monte Carlo." According to the *Post*, Buffalo Bill was having the "time of his life." He told that newspaper:

> This has been the greatest day of my life. Think of it; the first ruler of any European country ever to visit America has come to the little town I started and which bears my name, and is today my guest. He opened our first county fair, and I am to guide him through our own Rockies. I wish all of my friends and most of my enemies were with me.

The people of Cody were delighted with Albert's comment: "All my life it has been my dream to visit the Rocky Mountains of the United States, and now my dream is realized." The columns of the *Cody Enterprise* carried enthusiastic descriptions of the Prince's activities and the eager response to the visitor by the people of Cody. Though the *Enterprise* was exceedingly hospitable in its stories about the Prince of Monaco, the editors' unfamiliarity with the Prince's country was evident in the statement that Monaco was part of France. Perhaps this error was counterbalanced by the newspaper's enthusiastic endorsement—"Hurrah for the Prince of Monaco!"

On the fourth day after his arrival in Cody, Prince Albert and his party started by automobile for A. A. Anderson's place, the Palette Ranch, about sixty-two miles away near Meeteetse, and at about 9,000 feet in elevation. The ride took the travelers across a grandiose prairie landscape, limited at the far horizon by the Rockies. The colors of the mountains changed dramatically according to the distance; from pink or pastel blue, they turned violently red when closer. Prairie dogs were encountered all along the way. The last portion of the drive was in a different landscape, as the road followed the Greybull River through green pastures and forests, with the mountains in the distance reminding the travelers of the Dauphiné region at the foot of the French Alps.

At the Palette Ranch, the Prince spent several days in ex-

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One in Loden coat, the other in fringed chamois jacket, the Prince and the Scout were delighted with each other. Albert's interest in Wyoming was part of European fascination with the American West that burgeoned in the last part of the nineteenth century.

COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

ploring the surrounding mountains on horseback and in trout fishing and hunting birds, sage hens, and ruffled grouse. To reach the big game, the Prince and Anderson decided that they would have to go to a higher elevation. But the experience there was disappointing. After a few days of camping and hunting, Anderson relates: "We were riding near the top of the divide which separates Grey Bull from Boulder Basin, and . . . I saw, a short distance beyond, a large mountain sheep, also called 'bighorn.' . . . The Prince had never killed one. Now was his chance!" However, not accustomed to the high altitude of over 11,000 feet, the Prince had to return to the ranch. He was greatly disappointed not to have the horns of that sheep to add to his collection.

In his book *Experiences and Impressions* (1933), A. A. Anderson tells about the Prince's visit to his ranch. Illustrating his comments with a crayon drawing showing his guest wearing a navy cap, Anderson described the Prince as "hale and hearty, a good sport, and an excellent shot and an enthusiastic hunter."

After nine days at the Palette Ranch, Prince Albert returned to Cody accompanied by A. A. Anderson, in anticipation of a hunting trip with Buffalo Bill. The next morning, they set out with the Prince's party for the drive to Pahaska, through the Shoshone Canyon. The travelers crossed a constantly changing landscape with innumerable rocks of strangest shapes, reminding them of fabulous animals or cities in ruins, hence the name of "Holy City" given to a particular cluster of rocks.

After some fifty miles along the North Fork of the Shoshone, the party arrived at "Pahaska Teepee," a rustic and attractively picturesque construction owned by Buffalo Bill. The next morning the group set out for "Camp Monaco" in the mountains amid a thick forest of tall trees, and near the headwaters of the North Fork, a small mountain stream at the Camp. Tents were set up for sleeping quarters and for the kitchen and dining hall. In the evening, the members gathered around huge camp fires. Named in honor of Albert of Monaco, Camp Monaco was most pleasant in spite of night temperatures below freezing and hot days.

THE LONG ARTICLE "ROYAL HUNT" BY JACK RICHARD IN *Western Sportsman*, Summer 1956 (reprinted from a 1940 issue), described in detail the sojourn of Prince Albert at "Monaco Camp" during the first days of October 1913. We learn, for example, that the cook became very angry whenever he served food to the "frog-eaters," as he irreverently called the hunters of the royal party, because all he heard was "merci! merci!" ("thank you" in French), which he mistook for "mercy! mercy!", and that hurt his dignity as cook profoundly.

The very first day saw a near clash when the Prince insisted on taking his personal guide along on a hunting venture. Fred Richard, nationally known for getting game for his hunter patrons, explained that two could easily hunt, but that three made too much noise. Although the Prince agreed to drop his personal guide, his party was vehemently against it. Nevertheless, they proceeded. The ruler of Monaco seemed to appreciate the informal and rugged spontaneity of his hunting companion, and it seemed that the two men got along famously. On October 4, the Prince killed an enormous Wapiti elk and sent Fred Richard back five miles to bring his taxidermist to prepare the animal as a trophy. Consternation struck the camp when Fred Richard appeared alone. Everybody thought that Monaco no longer had a ruler.

Enjoying the situation somewhat, Richard shouted to the interpreter: "Tell those frog-eaters to get their horses and to come on. The Prince has killed a bull elk." The interpreter evidently translated word for word, because a moment later, he replied in a formal way: "My friends wish to inform you that they are

PAINTING BY LOUIS TINAYRE. COURTESY MUSEE D'ANTHROPOLOGIE PREHISTORIQUE, MONACO

Prince Albert took artist Louis Tinayre with him to Wyoming to sketch and paint scenes of the Prince's trip. Tinayre did this oil showing Albert with a large elk as one of his hunting trophies.

not frog-eaters, but they are pleased that His Highness is not injured and that he has secured an elk."

After shooting his elk, the Prince wished to get a bear. Although spring was the best season for bear hunting, on October 6, Albert had the fortune of killing a big black bear. These hunting scenes, as well as camp views, were painted by Louis Tinayre, who was traveling with the Prince, and are hanging today in the Museum of Prehistorical Anthropology in Monaco.

The Prince's sporting blood was illustrated by an incident over a snowshoe rabbit that the Prince shot the minute he saw it. One of the American guests also fired at the rabbit, under the pretext that the Prince had missed it. Resentful and without a moment's hesitation, Albert I stated, "I'll wager you £25,000 I can hit one every shot at that distance." A wager for $125,000! Needless to say, the incident was never mentioned again.

But the hunting trip came to an end, and the camp broke up. The Prince of Monaco was pleased with his Western venture, and he made plans to come the following year to hunt in Alaska with Fred Richard. But war came in August 1914, and Fred Richard never again saw the Prince.

Albert arrived back in Cody on Monday, October 13, with a "big bull elk and a fair-sized black bear." The carcasses were taken at once to Will and George Richard's shop and prepared for shipment to Monte Carlo, where the private taxidermist of the Prince would mount them. At noon the party left for Chicago aboard a special railroad car put at the disposal of the ruler of Monaco by the Burlington Railroad.

In a letter dated November 21, 1913, at the Palace of Monaco, and addressed to A. A. Anderson, Prince Albert stated that he thought often of the happy days spent in the Rockies, a stay which "will remain in my memory under a shining light."

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

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Dr. Hélène R. Day *is the Consul of Monaco in New England at Belmont, Massachusetts.*

WHEN YOU GO

The site of Camp Monaco, in the Shoshone National Forest of northwestern Wyoming, presents the same beautiful, wild state that it did in 1913 when the Prince of Monaco and Buffalo Bill Cody camped and hunted there. Because the region has been designated a wilderness area, it has changed little over the past seventy years. The historic campsite is located not far from the headwaters of the North Fork of the mighty Shoshone River on a high plateau that receives abundant rain and snowfall. The resulting lush vegetation provides an excellent habitat for large herds of big game.

Camp Monaco can be reached only by a four-and-one-half hour horseback ride along the Pahaska-Sunlight trail into the North Absaroka Wilderness. The trail leads through tall lodgepole pine, Douglas fir, and Ponderosa pine. Big game hunts take place each September, October, and November. Summer trips are for fishermen, sightseers, and camera buffs. For information regarding pack trips into the area, write to Duane Wiltse, Cabin Creek Outfitters, 1313 Lane 10, Route 1, Box 112A, Powell, Wyoming 82435. Telephone (307) 754-9279.

Not many miles to the east in Cody, the Buffalo Bill Historical Center offers numerous memorabilia relating to Colonel Cody in the Buffalo Bill Museum, as well as firearms displays in the Winchester Museum, Western art in the Whitney Gallery, and artifacts in the Plains Indian Museum.

COURTESY UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Crash in the Uintas

In the forests of the Uinta Mountains an unobtrusive granite monument stands alongside Wolf Creek Summit Road, sixteen miles east of Francis, Utah. It marks the interrupted dreams of a young Japanese-American flyer, Masashi Goto, who flew out of Salt Lake City airport on July 4, 1929, on the fourth leg of a planned solo flight to Tokyo, Japan.

In the early days of heavier-than-air vehicles, when the airline industry was still in its infancy, the thrill of flying attracted many bold men and women. Masashi Goto was one of those who sought the adventure of long-distance flight, eager to experience a new vantage of the world. Perhaps inspired by Lindbergh's 1927 trans-Atlantic flight, Goto and a fellow aviator, Takeo Watanabe, built the plane RYOFU-CO (Thunderbird) in a garage in Venice, California. With support from his friends and financial assistance from a Japanese newspaper in Los Angeles, Goto planned his own fantastic journey to Tokyo. Flying without incident from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City, Goto expected to continue to New York, transport his plane by ship across the Atlantic, and resume his flight across the continents to the East.

At the Salt Lake City airport the small group pictured came to cheer him on, but his adventure was soon cut short. On July 9, a Salt Lake newspaper ran the headline "AVIATOR KILLED AS PLANE CRASHES NEAR SALT LAKE." The cause of the crash was never determined, but engine trouble was ruled out. The sturdy, green plane—with a fourteen-foot body and a twenty-foot wing spread—had probably gone down in a storm just a few hours after takeoff.

Though Goto failed in his goal, the Japanese Association of Utah placed an inscribed monument near the site of the crash to honor Goto's daring effort. It is still maintained by the Forest Service today. Although Goto's name is not recorded in aviation-history books, his endeavor is not entirely forgotten. An occasional traveler in the Uintas will stop to read the stone's inscription and wonder about its history.

We thank George McAleer of Roselle, Illinois, for calling this piece of Western Lore to our attention.

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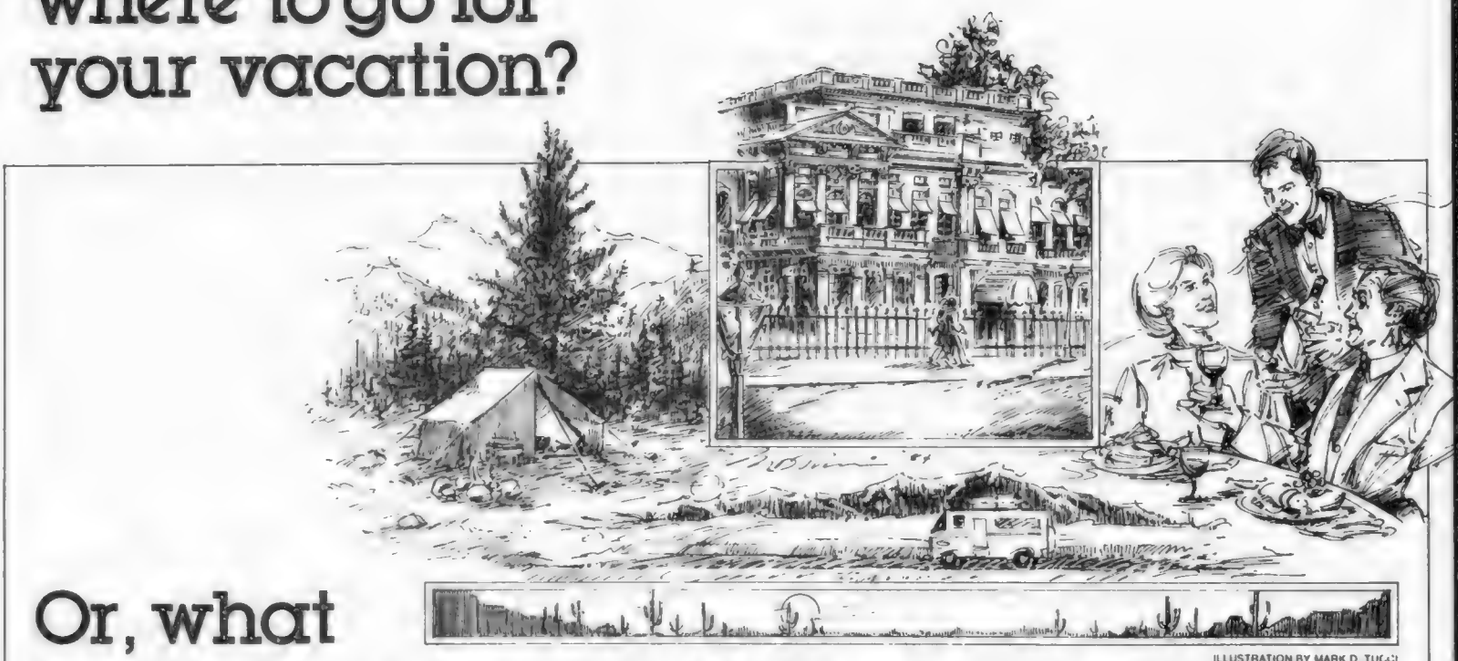

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Or, what to do when you get there?

The March/April issue of AMERICAN WEST features a Travel Calendar of events from March 'til September which invites you to share in the joyous celebrations of our exciting West. Our September/October issue will feature a Travel Calendar of events from September 'til March.

We've selected events from every state west of the Mississippi to make up a list of small-town festivities, little-known oddities built on pure good humor, and grueling national competitions in sport and field, as well as workshops and gatherings for lovers of music, art, horses, and Western history. You will see that Indian, Cajun, and Mexican foods are only the tip of the culinary iceberg at feasts from St. Louis to Fairbanks, and that traditional skills of the West are kept alive through light-hearted contests—from cow cutting to corn husking. Agricultural and livestock shows abound, as do races on foot, bicycle, car, boat, and horse. Travelers in the West can choose from many happy occasions.

Also included for your convenience is a reader-response card so that you can obtain additional information from any of our travel advertisers in that issue by simply circling a number on a postage paid card and mailing it! Truly the Travel Calendar issues help you pick your destination, and then help you decide what to do when you get there!

As a part of all appropriate articles in all issues of AMERICAN WEST, we feature sidebars titled "When you go" to help you enjoy in person the West we have written about.

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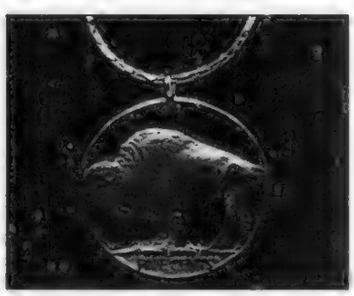

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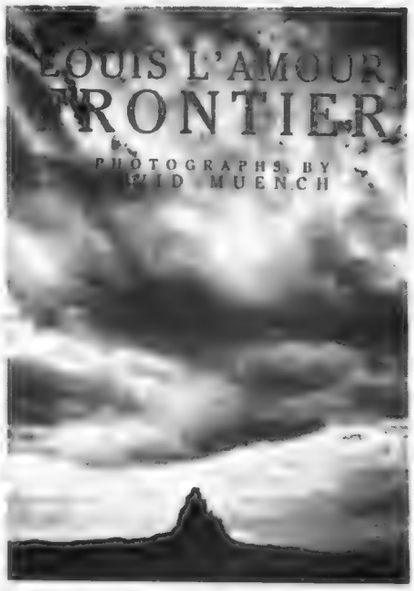

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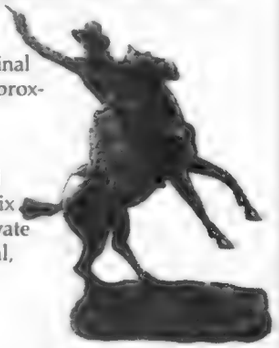

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COURTESY THE PECK HOUSE

The Peck House: Early Refuge for Colorado Travelers

by James K. Folsom

Due west of Denver, at the eastern approach to Berthoud Pass, lies the small mountain town of Empire, founded to take advantage of the Colorado mineral bonanza of the late 1850s and 1860s. An early settler there was James Peck, a Chicagoan who arrived in Colorado in 1859 to try his luck at mining after a successful business career as a merchant. He located one of Empire's most productive mines, the Gold Dust, on adjacent Silver Mountain, where he supposedly remarked that he had found no silver, only gold. Shortly after his arrival in Empire he built a house for his wife, who followed him to Colorado in 1860. The Pecks, who were a hospitable sort, opened their home to Eastern travelers, and the Peck House became noted as a fine place to stop for a meal or a bed before attempting the ascent of Berthoud Pass. The Peck House has been in business as a hostelry since 1860, making it the oldest hotel in Colorado in continuous operation. Its guests have included worthies like President Ulysses S. Grant and General William Tecumseh Sherman.

The original house was a one-storey, four-room affair. The Pecks soon enlarged it, adding a second storey and a long veranda to the front, which faces south over Empire Valley toward Empire (or Union) Pass. From its inception, Mr. Peck's hotel was conceived not as another of the often crude pioneer inns of nineteenth-century Colorado, bur rather as an elegant refuge where travel-weary visitors might refresh themselves with superb food and comfortable rooms. The first building in Empire with electricity, the Peck House also boasted, in 1881, one of the earliest telephones in the area.

Mr. Peck managed the Peck House until his death at seventy-eight in 1880 of injuries received when his horse bolted and ran away with his buggy. Following Peck's death his widow continued to manage the hotel. After her death the Peck family operated the Peck House until the midtwentieth century, when the building was sold to Joseph Emerson Smith. He in turn sold it to two sisters, Louise Harrison and Margaret Collbran—granddaughters of two famous early Colorado pioneers, Adolph Coors, founder of the Coors brewery in Golden, and Henry Collbran, one of the organizers of the Colorado Midland Railway. They renamed the Peck House the Hotel Splendide, a name it retained until 1972 when the present owners, the St. Clair family, purchased the hotel and restored the original name.

The Peck House today offers eleven guest rooms handsomely furnished with Victorian antiques, many of which were originally brought to Empire in 1860 by Mrs. Peck. The elegant dining room serves dinner every day to casual visitors as well as to guests of the hotel. Meals are elaborate, serving what used to be called "good American cooking." Full meat and fish dinners are available, with freshly killed game in season. Prices range from moderate to fairly expensive.

The present-day Peck House is truly a hotel for all seasons. In winter, skiers will find Empire conveniently less than an hour away from many of Colorado's most challenging runs. In summer, Empire offers many vacation opportunities for sight-seeing and gallery browsing, as well as excellent hiking trails, jeep touring, bicycling, and horseback riding. Old mining camps abound in the vicinity, including Georgetown, with its elegant Victorian homes and recently restored narrow-gauge railroad, only about ten minutes away. Central City, well known for its opera and shops, is approximately half an hour's drive back toward Denver. Rocky Mountain National Park and its adjacent recreational areas may be reached over Berthoud Pass in less than an hour. Well into its second century of operation, the Peck House continues the tradition of fine dining and superb accommodations established by James Peck long ago.

For information about accommodations and for dining reservations (strongly recommended but not required) write The Peck House, P.O. Box 428, Empire, Colorado 80438, or phone (303) 569-9870.

James K. Folsom, *a professor of English at the University of Colorado, contributes to the history of early days in that state.*

PHOTO BY AUTHORS

Stopping the Action for Dramatic Shots

by Erwin and Peggy Bauer

The Snake River Canyon is still in deep blue shadow when we begin the descent from a rim overlook on route 89 (between Jackson and Alpine, Wyoming) to the rock ledge at water's edge. Here and there frost still lingers on the clumps of vegetation that we use as handholds on the almost-vertical route. Heavy photo equipment in our backpacks makes the going somewhat tedious. It is a relief, finally, to reach the bottom—the edge of famous Lunch Counter Rapids—where we can practically feel the rolling thunder of the river.

We have timed our arrival carefully. We want to be on hand when the warm spring sun first penetrates the canyon. In a few minutes the first white-water rafters will begin to pass this foamy point. They launched their inflatable rafts and kayaks about eight miles upstream an hour or so earlier. We have just enough time to be ready to "stop the action."

Perhaps it isn't any wonder that in recent years river-running has become almost as popular a spectator sport as it is a wild, exhilarating adventure for the participants. Throughout the rest of the morning, more and more people (most with cameras) arrive to watch the free, spectacular show. Especially early in the year, when the annual spring snowmelt and runoff are heavy, running Lunch Counter Rapids is more exciting (as some watcher commented) than a dozen rodeos going on at once. In full view of all standing close by on the bank, boat after boat is suddenly sucked into a turbulent chute and bucked over a series of steep "haystacks" before reaching calm water once again. From spring until early fall the show goes on almost daily, with most action on weekends. Some of the rafts belong to commercial outfitters based in Jackson Hole, and some to private parties. It isn't unusual to see a good dunking or two.

We visit Lunch Counter Rapids a couple of times every season for more than one good

reason. First, it is an ideal place to shoot timeless, salable photographs of genuine action, even of high drama, for our stock files. We can expose an excessive amount of film in a morning here and not worry about peddling the pictures later. But we also go because here is a valuable refresher course in shooting action—or rather in stopping action—anywhere, anytime.

Many of the most arresting photographs ever taken are of vigorous, if not violent action. The first rule for freezing action is, of course, a fast shutter-speed. In fact, the fastest shutter-speed that the situation, your film, and the existing light will allow is best. For example, our picture of the raft halfway through Lunch Counter was made at 1/1000 second. If it had been possible to use 1/2000 second, we would have done so. But more is necessary than fast shutter-speed alone.

Most action photography requires the cameraperson to be in the right place at exactly the right time, prepared, as we were, on the bank beside Lunch Counter when the sun first illuminated the scene. It is the same if you want to shoot birds or waterfowl flying. You must pick *the* particular spot (taking wind and other factors into consideration) at the time of day when the birds normally are in the air. If you are going to shoot a rodeo, do not sit just anywhere in the bleachers. Instead, study the layout for a few moments. Know where the sun will be during the main action. Then try to find a seat where you have the best, unobstructed view of horses, bulls, and riders busting out of the chutes.

Now assume you know where a fast-breaking event will soon take place—as a raft lurching over murderous rapids. Make a reading with your exposure meter and preset the exposure, remembering that any shutter speed slower than 1/250 second is really too slow. Focus on, and pan through, the spot where the peak of the action will occur. Then recheck your position to be as certain as possible that you are ready, that there are no surprises. During those days when the light constantly changes, as with passing clouds, constantly adjust the settings on your camera to compensate. A very common error is to be preset for shooting in sunlight, only to have less light when the action actually takes place, or vice versa.

A motor drive is a most handy accessory for shooting action, and we use it on all our 35 SLR cameras. But we recommend it not nearly so much for permitting the capture of action sequences (up to four exposures per second) as for permitting greater concentration on the subject and on what it's doing. With a motor drive you are never distracted by having to advance film with a thumb. Instead you keep watching through the viewfinder, being always certain that the subject is in absolutely sharp focus. Many otherwise good action frames are unsatisfactory because of poor focus.

Even if everything else is done correctly, the best action shots are made by those who have had plenty of practice, the more the better. Fortunately practice can be both easy and inexpensive. With the camera empty, practice first on the kids or the family pets playing in the backyard. Go to a playing field and become even more familiar with fast camera handling. Joggers or cars traveling by on city streets are excellent subjects. In time, freezing a fast-moving object will become such second nature that you also freeze the attention of your viewers.

Erwin *and* **Peggy Bauer** *are authors of a new, all-color book,* Wildlife Adventures with a Camera, *published by Harry Abrams, New York. It is a collection of the Bauers' best work in great national parks around the world. Available for $40 postpaid from Travel-Adventure-Outdoors, Box 543, Teton Village, Wyoming 83025.*

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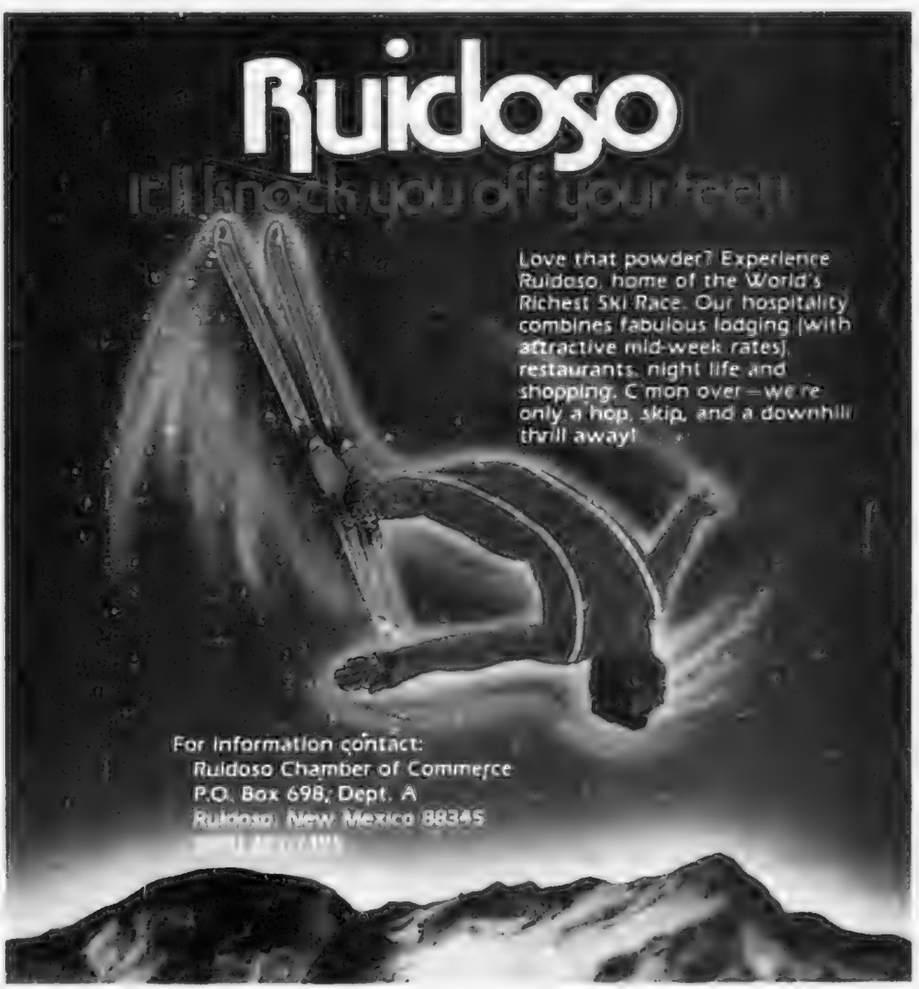
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Western Art Notes

TAOS PLAZA, WINTER 1921 BY E. MARTIN HENNINGS COURTESY THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

The Anschutz Collection of Western Art

E. Martin Hennings captured the look and feel of the Taos Plaza in 1921, making a poignant statement about the mingling of old and new in the American West. Hennings is just one of dozens of renowned artists, and Taos, 1921, just one of hundreds of places and times portrayed in the Anschutz Collection of Western Art to be exhibited at the Tucson Museum of Art from February 23 through April 21.

Works in the collection represent pioneer anthropological painters who recorded exotic impressions of the American Indian; the Hudson River School gone West to unveil the wonders of an untamed land; and European Romantics who sought and found a fresh aesthetic frontier. The collection includes the works of magazine illustrators whose drawings and paintings sold the image of the heroic West in the East and in Europe; artists of the New Mexico art colonies; and contemporary artists interpreting both a traditional and a new West. The "Western" in the Anschutz Collection of Western Art does not refer to a specific style. The assortment is as wide as the West itself—with well-known names like George Catlin, Thomas Moran, Georgia O'Keeffe, Herbert Dunton, and Fritz Scholder. What binds these diverse pieces is a common love, respect, and awe of the American West shared by the artists who created them.

George Catlin Drawings will be on display at the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Nebraska, through January 24. Approximately fifty views of the American Indian are taken from one of the original portfolios produced by Catlin in London, based upon his work on expeditions through the American West during the midnineteenth century.

Robert Henri: Painter, an exhibition emphasizing the landscape, cityscape, and portrait paintings of this realist of the Ash Can School and leader of The Eight is scheduled at the Phoenix Art Museum from January 5 through February 17.

The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art celebrates its fiftieth anniversary with a major exhibition of the museum's twentieth-century collection, including a host of internationally acclaimed modern artists. One special component of this show highlights photographic portraits of artists by artists—the likes of Ansel Adams, Louise Nevelson, and Charles Sheeler by such photographers as Richard Avedon and Alfred Stieglitz. Also featured through February 17 are the works of Paul Klee.

Sawtooth and Other Ranges of the Imagination, a mixed-media show of fifty Idaho artists, will be on display at the Sun Valley Center for the Arts gallery in Ketchum, Idaho, from January 17 through February 19. Organized by the Smithsonian Institution, this show is on the final leg of a cross-country tour. "Potters and Prints," contemporary ceramic sculpture and two-dimensional prints by six nationally recognized ceramists can be seen at the Sun Valley Center Gallery through January 14.

The light of Taos shines in Corning, New York, this winter. The Rockwell Museum, which houses one of the broadest collections of Western art in the East, features the arts and crafts of the New Mexico region in a show entitled "From the Light of Taos," through February 24. Paintings by the founders of the Taos colony as well as weaving, pottery, and basketry from New Mexico pueblos will be on display.

Cowboy artist Nick Eggenhoffer—who began his career in the twenties illustrating for magazines like *Western Stories* and *Argosy*—will be the featured artist at the Cowboy Artists of America Museum in Kerrville, Texas, this January. The exhibit is largely made up of original illustrations executed for his book, *Wagons, Mules and Men* (1961), which documented the equipment, men, and routes used to open the West.

American Regionalists Prints begins a cross-country tour at the San Jose Museum of Art. The works of nearly sixty regionalists—including Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton, Rockwell Kent, and other less-known artists—will hang in the main gallery between January 12 and February 27.

Embroidery, ranging from full costumes to bed hangings and samplers, takes the floor at the Denver Art Museum. Historical and contemporary work from the United States and Europe will be on display from February 9 through January 26, 1986. "Another Great Love Affair," contemporary artworks, will hang in the Stanton Gallery through February 10, 1985.

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Western Snapshots Today

Linking the present with the past, John W. Baker works over his open-air forge in Columbia, California. Flames from the forge illuminate his face and hands as he uses the same kind of tools that blacksmiths of a century ago used. Lengths of metal hang from the ceiling much as they did during the 1800s, ready to be shaped into horseshoes or farm implements. Wagon wheels and wagon parts are advertised just as a modern garage advertises parts for cars. If a nineteenth-century traveler could visit this shop, he would feel at home in the small wooden building.

In the heart of the Mother Lode country, Columbia was founded during the gold rush era. It was known as the "gem of the southern mines," because the area was one of the richest placer-mining regions ever discovered. People deserted Columbia, however, when the mines played out, leaving the once-booming community a ghost town. Many townsfolk simply shut the doors on their homes and businesses and took off, not bothering to collect their belongings.

Columbia has now been restored as a historic state park, popular with tourists. Entrepreneurs like Baker have reopened the doors of old businesses, recreating an authentic pioneer mining town. Visitors can find it east of Stockton in the foothills of Tuolumne county, near Sonora.

John Baker has changed his profession since this photograph was taken, but he remains true to the spirit of the Old West. Rather than a blacksmith, he is now the local constable.

Jonne M. Goeller, an art and photography teacher from Eugene, Oregon, submitted this snapshot of Western life today. Working with a 35mm Pentax Spotmatic camera with a 50mm lens and Ektachrome 64 slide film, she exposed this hand-held shot at 1/30 of a second at f8, using light from the forge flame and the cloudy north sky.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any photographer, amateur or professional, whose Western Snapshot Today is selected for publication on this page. Pictures portraying today's West —the land and its people—in black-and-white or color, will be accepted for consideration. Please specify the type of camera, lens, film, paper, and techniques as well as light conditions used to obtain your photograph. Prints will be handled with care and returned promptly after use. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Today, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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Western Snapshots Yesterday

In 1880, fifteen years after the close of the Civil War, five veterans regrouped in a wood near Bemidji, Minnesota, to renew old bonds of friendship. Posing among the ferns in a ready-to-shoot stance, the men at this reunion look as though the memory of that conflict weighed upon them still. Although the gathering was one of recreation, the meeting must have recalled ordeals suffered as well as values and friendships shared. Even the child seems to sense a gravity—if only that of having his picture taken. Looking totally relaxed and oblivious of the others, the dog adds the only light note to the picture.

The guns in the photograph are identified as the breechloading rifle-muskets these men had used as volunteers in the Union Army. At the left, looking intently toward the camera, is Jim Price, father of the little boy, Levi. Like many people of his day, Price and his family eventually proceeded west, settling in Myrtle Point, Oregon. His grandson, Philip Johnson of McArthur, California, sent us this picture of an important moment in the lives of five men who lived through a national tragedy.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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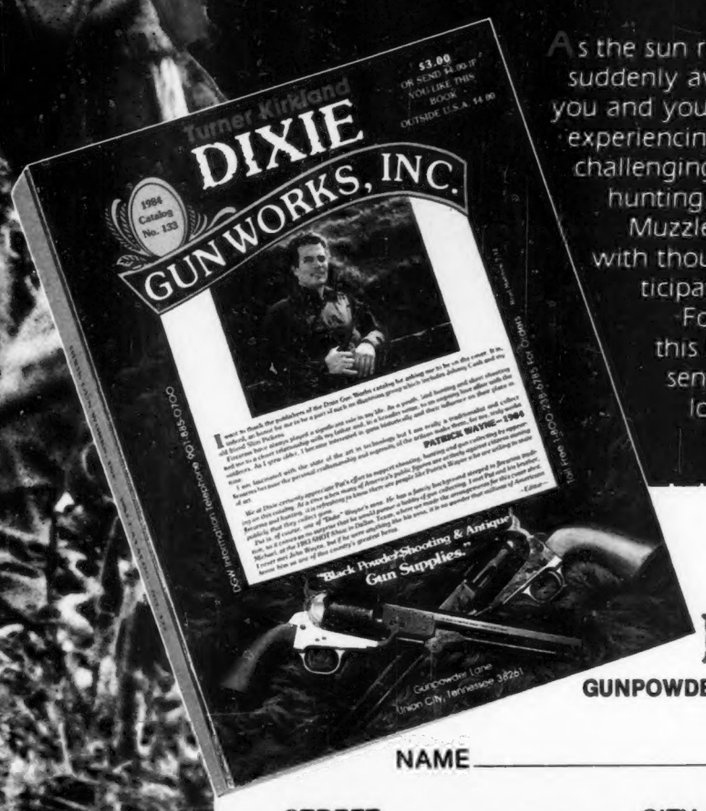

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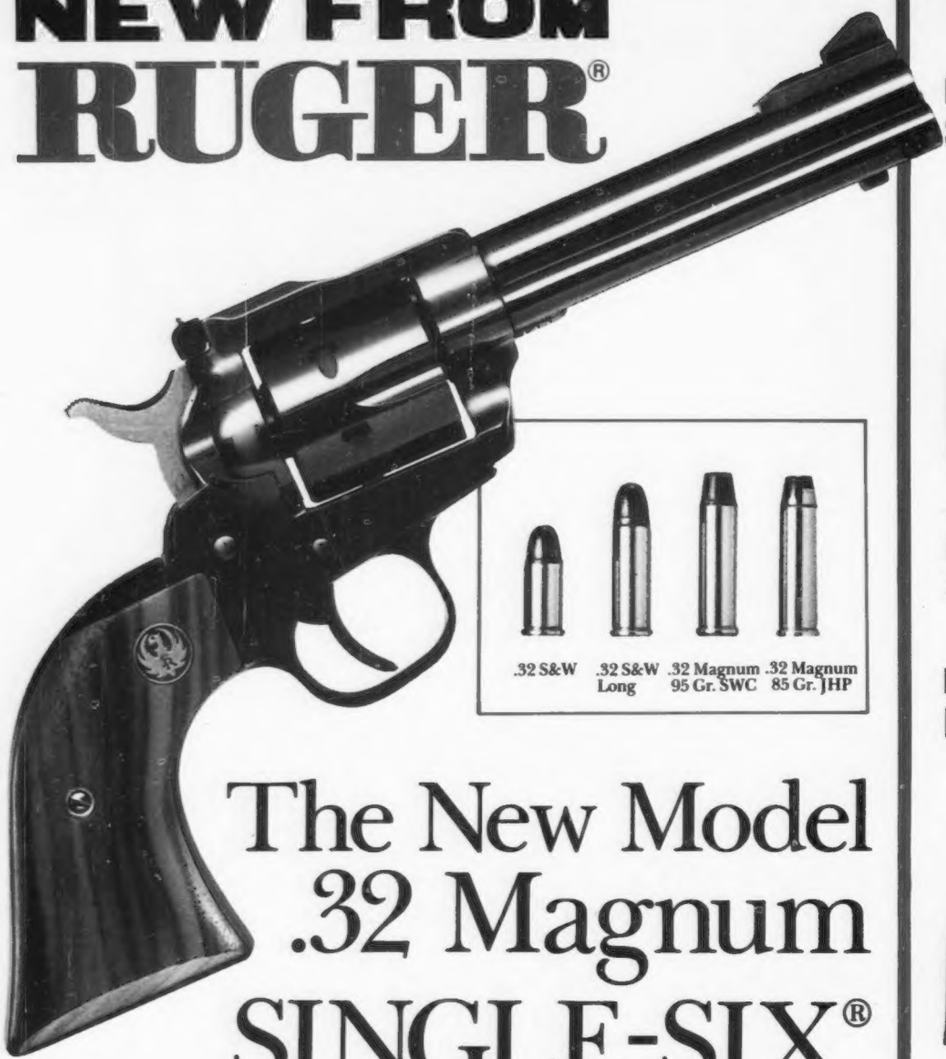

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